

The SILENT WORKER



May, 1926

Twilight in the Tropics
After an Oil Painting by William C. Walter

25 Cents



"The Brook"

By Paul A. Tuttle

The Silent Worker

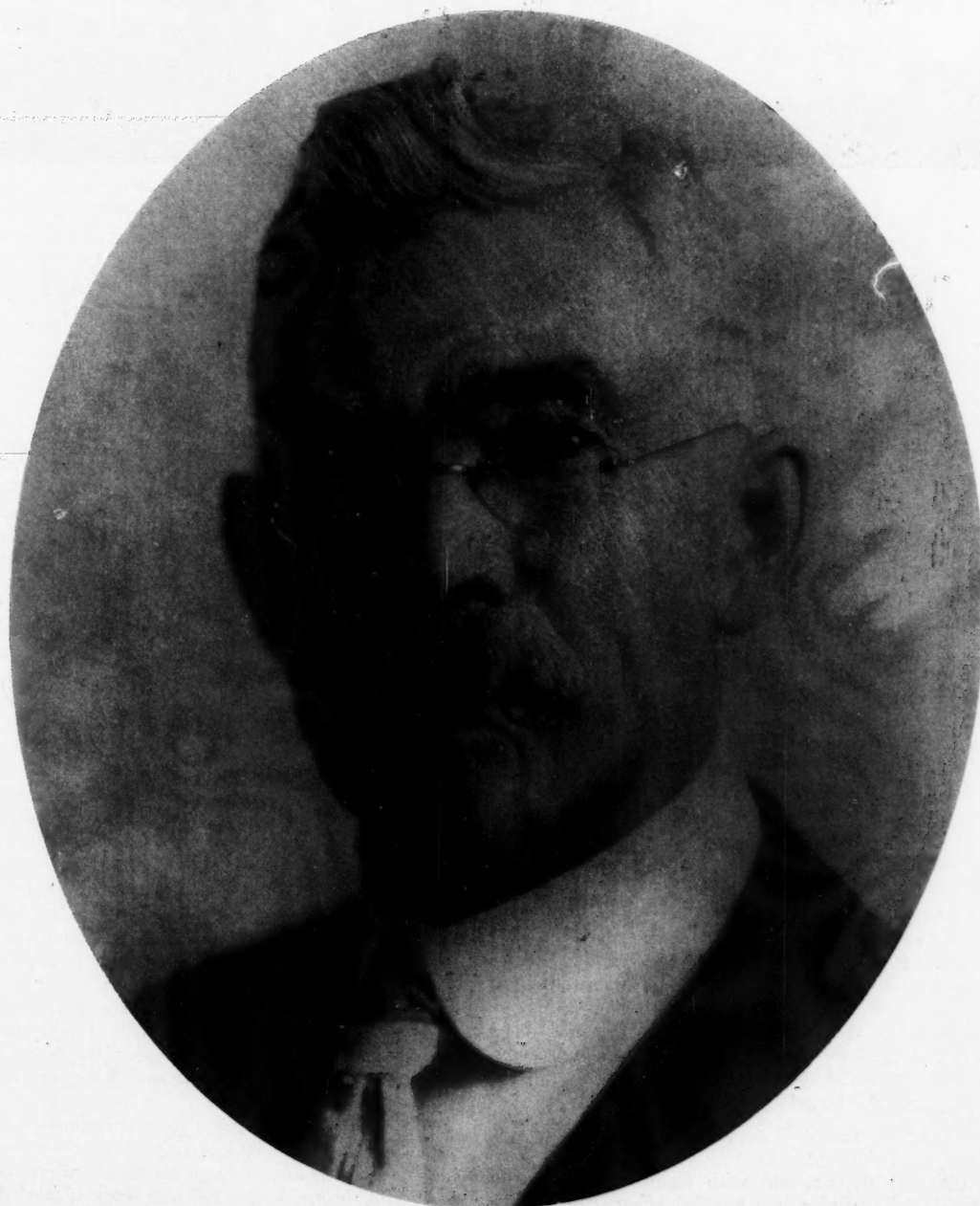
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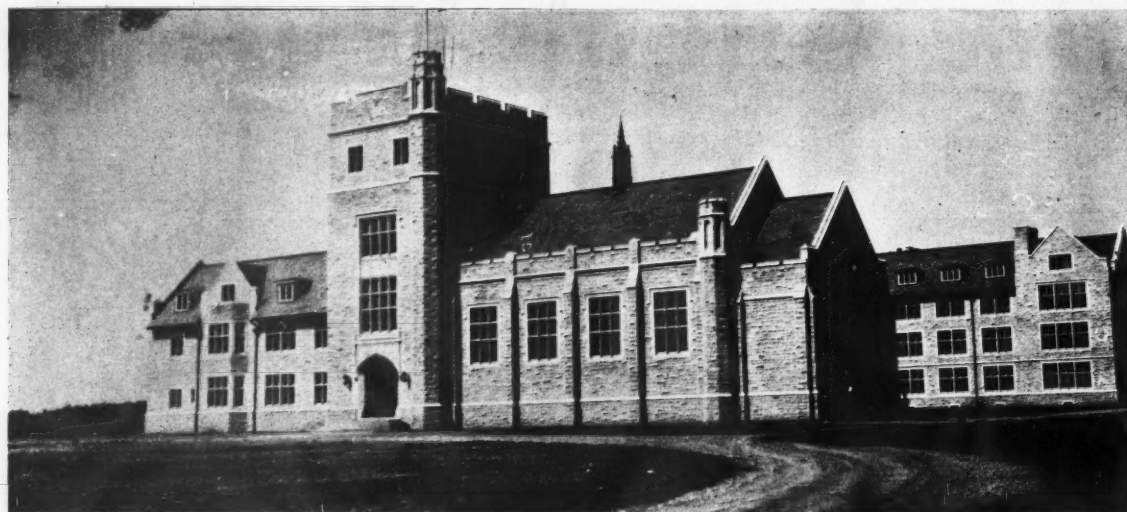
Trenton, N. J., May, 1926

25 cents the Copy

Deaf Persons of Note



John W. Barrett, retired Iowa Teacher, now living in Los Angeles, California. A leader in Social affairs of the deaf



*Manitoba School for the Deaf—Front view, facing east.
(1) Administration offices, (2) Auditorium, (3) Vocational wing in rear.*

The Manitoba School for the Deaf of Winnipeg

By J. C. HOWARD



AVING occasion to make a trip to the far North where Norway House, York Factory and Fort Churchill are household words instead of names to wonder at in thrilling tales of the North, I stopped over at Winnipeg. My train was met by Mr. A. H. McDonald and his brother who drove me out to the School for the Deaf. This was in February.

The school is located quite a distance out of the city and about half a mile from the nearest street car line. The site is as level as a table and unbroken by trees of any kind. I am supposed to be something of an Iclander myself, but to reach the school from the street car line, with the temperature at 30 below and a wind whistling along the flat, cold expanse of snow does not appeal to me. For one thing my nose is too long and catches too much of the breeze. This was in February.

Manitoba has elaborate plans for this school and, when carried to completion, it will be one of the finest schools for the deaf to be found in the whole wide world.

At present only the main building and the service building are completed, but they are built to last until hell freezes over. A gymnasium and swimming pool will be added to the main building. Six cottages, three for boys and three for girls, is in the group plan as are a segregated oral department for newly admitted children, a hospital and the superintendent's dwelling.

The material used is Tyndall Stone and is quarried northeast of Winnipeg. This is a beautiful light gray stone that is well spattered with fossils that are easily discernable. They give it a mottled effect. While the material from which the buildings are erected is full of fossils they house a bunch of live wires. The stone is all hewn and laid in irregular ashlar. They have spent a million dollars on construction so far and if the excel-

lence of construction is maintained it will cost another million or more to complete the plant.

The main building is in the shape of an elongated H. The wings are approximately 45 by 165 feet and the connecting section 40 by 240 feet. The service building is 112 by 116 feet. The two buildings are connected by a tunnel which is used in severe weather.

The main entry is through a square battlemented tower that is indeed imposing. As one steps into the lobby he is struck with the singular beauty of the carved stone arches. On the left are the executive offices and they are neat and efficient looking. To the right is the chapel. It is one of the nicest chapels we have seen in any school for the deaf. The accompanying picture does not do it justice. While it is used as a general assembly room and for motion pictures it is the most church-like chapel that I have seen in any of the schools I have visited. But what catches your eye and holds you is the corridor leading from the lobby through the entire building. The floor is of tile and the walls of glazed buff brick. The ceiling is beautifully arched. The accompanying picture gives a good idea of it. This corridor is approximately 200 feet long and connects the wings.

Off of the corridor on the south side are eight class rooms. They are thoroughly modern and adequately lighted. A similar corridor and class room arrangement is carried out on the second floor, giving sixteen class rooms.

The West Wing is devoted to vocational instruction. Each instructor was invited to plan his own department and it was built according to his plans and recommendations with the result that efficient work is carried on and everyone is happy and satisfied.

The service building is in keeping with the main building. The dining room would serve admirably for a banquet hall. Everything that has gone into the build-



Capitol Building, Province of Manitoba, Winnipeg, Man.

ing and equipment of this school is of the best. The most modern systems of heating, lighting, plumbing, and all that goes into a thoroughly equipped building have been installed. The master clock is so ultra modern that no one there can understand it and when it goes on a strike an expert has to be sent for from Chicago.

was knocked about from pillar to post. It was started in 1885 as a private school by Mr. J. C. Watson. Mr. Watson was a teacher at the Minnesota School when I was admitted and I was first placed in his class. To be sure I remained in his class only for one day, but I may well claim he was my first teacher. Four years



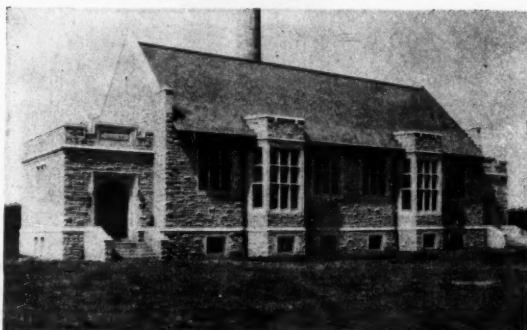
Manitoba School for the Deaf, View from South-east

(1) Dining Hall and Power House, (2) Vocational Building (3) School rooms (4) Administration wing, (5) Auditorium

There is a model kitchen and I am ready to testify to the efficiency of the rosy cheeked and smiling chef.

For many years the Manitoba School for the Deaf

later the school was taken over by the provincial government and began its travels. It was moved from Sherbrook Street to Tuxedo and in 1917 to the Agricultural College. This jump made it necessary for our friend



Dining Hall, Power House and Service building



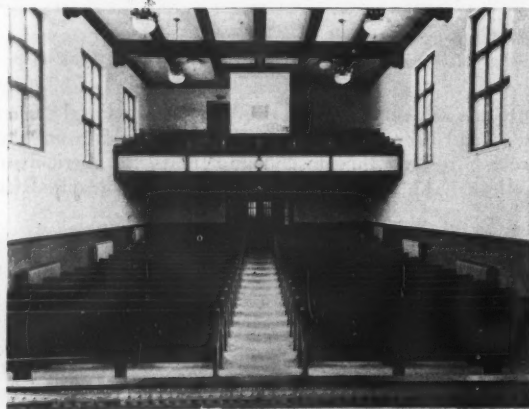
Snowshoers at play.



Manitoba School Corridor, Floors of red tile. Sidewalls of tan enameled brick

Dean Tomlinson to hike seven miles to his work. In 1922 it was planted where we find it now and it surely looks as if it would endure, as I have remarked, until hell freezes over. However, if that popular summer resort is anywhere near Winnipeg the school may be due for another unexpected move.

The school is fortunate in its superintendent. Mr. Thomas Rodwell hails from Merry England, the land of roast beef, ale and subsidized coal mines. His management of the school is such that everywhere I went, whether among his teachers, pupils, employees or the adult deaf



Chapel

of Western Canada, there was a peon of praise for him and his works. There is nothing uppety or snobbish about him and he does not feel or act like a feudal lord. That his happy smile and gentlemanly bearing is backed

by a training that fits him for his job is evidenced on every hand.

A good portion of his teachers and officers are deaf and they are as fine a bunch of people as one would care to meet. Dean E. Tomlinson is an old crony of mine and I have known Mr. A. H. McDonald for many years. He is a Canadian of Canadians. His forefathers must



Dining Hall

have moved to Canada about the time Pocahontas fell on Capt. Smith's neck. The McDonalds are everywhere even on cigarette packages. Mrs. A. L. Cook, who entertained the college bunch on the evening of my arrival, is another good friend. Mr. Williams and Miss Jenkins were among my new acquaintances.

The children in the school are regular little snow hogs



Kate Strachan—a real Highland Lass

and a brighter, healthier and more rosy cheeked bunch of kids would be hard to find. They are great snowshoers, and are born with skis, skates and toboggans purchased for them in advance.

The adult deaf population of Winnipeg is rather more



1. Tomlinson and J. C. Howard watching the Hockey Game. 2. David Pickoff, Mrs. Muriel McShane, McDonald, Mrs. Pichelda Rosenroll Capps, David Boese, or The Winnipeggers. 3. Just the usual Winnipeg Landscape. 4. Esther Paulson See her horns—it is great to be an elk 5. E. Paulson, thirty feet below but she is above. 6. Manitoba School for the Deaf boys who found fun in snaring rabbits in spare time. 7. Mrs. McDonald Mrs. Anne Cook Mrs. R. Capps Winnipeg is attractive. 8. Resting time.



Winnipeg Association



Manitoba School Hockey team

serious minded and dignified than we are accustomed to in the "States." That they are religious is evinced by the fact that there were about twice as many present at the Bible Class in the Y. M. C. A. Sunday evening as attended the Masquerade party the evening before. What will our Chicago friends say to this? I am indebted to Mr. Arthur T. Bailey and Mr. Bert Partridge for special courtesies. Mr. Bailey was the baby delegate at the Frat Convention in Omaha.

At one of the gatherings one of the girls remarked that Canadian pennies and nickles were now similar in size and appearance to those used in "the States." One of the boys said, "Yes, and it will not be long before they bear the American Eagle."

Upon my return on the 22nd I remarked that it was the birthday of the father of our country, that Canada evidently had no father. It was explained to me that King Alfred the Great was the father of the Empire. We have Canada placed.



Thomas Rodwell, Supt.



Dean E. Tomlinson

ANGELENOGRAMS

By AUGUSTA K. BARRETT



THE LOS ANGELES SILENT CLUB has begun the publication of a leaflet of information, "The Bulletin," the first number of which was distributed in January. It is to be issued once a month free of charge to members and visitors. The first number contained an account of the December activities, report of the Building Fund, report of the December Directors meeting, Committee assignments among the new Board of Directors, the program for January, and a few advertisements. The need of something like this has long been felt, as the club is gaining members, prestige and popularity.

Last June it was decided to try a new experiment, following the plan adopted by the Jonathan Club, an organization of prominent men of Los Angeles. It had been the custom of the Los Angeles Silent Club to have a monthly business meeting, and these were often tiresome and long drawn out. Many of the members felt that one night was wasted, which could have been used for some more entertaining or social features. So the club voted to follow the new plan for six months. Twelve Directors

were elected and with the officers constituted the Board of Directors, which met once a month and transacted all the clubs business and the plan has proved an efficient and popular one.

At the last meeting for the old year, December 26th, the following officers were elected:—President, Lawrence L. James, Vice-President, Frank E. Worswick; Secretary, Miss Lenore M. Bible; Treasurer, Jacob Beck; Directors, Douglas Mitchelson, Simon Himmelschein, Russell P. Handley, Mrs. Hazel D. Schneider, Waldo H. Rothert, Mrs. E. M. Price, Mrs. F. E. Worswick, Mrs. D. C. Reddick, John W. Barrett, Albert V. Ballin, Miss Ella Roy, Thomas Singleton and Charles C. McMann. The above names are an illustration of how the deaf who moved here from other states have become merged into the *genus* Angelenos.

"In Dixieland," the letters written by Mrs. C. L. Jackson, of Atlanta, to the *Deaf-Mutes' Journal*, are a bright, newsy contribution to the deaf press. We have a distinct recollection of seeing Mrs. Jackson, notebook in hand (at

the Colorado N. A. D. Convention) jotting down items for the *Southern Optimist*. There are at present so few deaf women writers and we are glad to have the *comarderie* of Mrs. Jackson in the "Writing Game." In a recent issue of the *Journal* she writes: "Why not a National organization of deaf women?" Her ideas on the subject are not new. We once wrote an article about sixteen years ago, on the same subject, and "Pansy" spent a lot of time and printer's ink in working for a Woman's Auxiliary of the N. A. D., but as women, then and now, can join the N. A. D. nothing ever came of the project. Mrs. Jackson says: "We have the nucleus of such an organization right here in Atlanta in our Nadfrat Woman's Club, an organization that is one of, if not the strongest, deaf woman's organizations in the South, or anywhere else for that matter, and whether a national body is ever organized or not, we would like to see a branch of the Nadfrat Woman's Club started in every large city or town throughout our nation. The very name signifies a whole lot, and while this name, 'Nadfrat,' was first adopted by Atlanta women, I am sure they would be happy to have a great national organization functioning under that name, as it is the most appropriate name that a body of deaf women could adopt for a national organization."

We have read with interest previous letters of Mrs. Jackson's telling of the forming of that club, and later of their starting a "Building Fund" with the intention of erecting a club-house on a lot presented to their club, when their Fund has grown to sufficient proportions; a very unusual and ambitious proposition for a club of deaf women to undertake. We have always been interested in the doings of hearing club women, and felt what a fine thing it would be if deaf women could have clubs like these. In large cities I am sure it would be a fine thing to have a non-sectarian club that would draw deaf women together, from their various sections and factions, as deaf men are drawn to their Frat Division. Perhaps the Nadfrat Woman's Club of Atlanta is the forerunner of such a National organization of deaf women. If that club could establish some sort of an insurance and benevolent feature for deaf women it might draw in women from other states, which is the only way I can see in which it can gain national interest among deaf women. We should not forget that there are many deaf women not wives of Frats nor members of the N. A. D., and the insurance feature might attract them. Now this is not at all such a crazy idea as it may sound at first. The January *Frat* announces the SILVER JUBILEE CELEBRATION OF THE N. F. S. D. in Chicago, on May 29-30-31 and November 6-7. The announcement says: "Schoolboys' Crazy Scheme Now Phenomenal Success." The story of the early struggles of the N. F. S. D. is more or less well known among the deaf. If deaf women ever try anything of the sort there will be plenty to discourage them, but it is quite possible that if soundly organized and managed it could be carried to ultimate success.

The Nadfrat Woman's Club sent out an appeal for donations to their Building Fund which has drawn criticism from some quarters. Other projects in different localities have sent out such appeals. One I know of was for a Home for the Aged Deaf when it was in dire financial straits and another was for a clubhouse for the deaf and another was for—but why multiply the list? Who can remember how many times the American deaf have sent their oft hard-earned dollars to the School for the Deaf in the Celestial Empire? And to the starving deaf in Germany, France, Belgium, etc., and to the starving hearing in the Far East and the Near East and other far away

charities. "Charity begins at home" and all that money sent to foreign countries would have built a beautiful clubhouse. And now I think of it, there is Helen Keller conducting a campaign for \$2,000,000 for the American Foundation for the Blind. I recently saw her in the News Reel at a movie, shown coming down the White House steps with Mrs. Coolidge. Her campaign is surrounded by picturesqueness and sentiment due to her position as a world figure. The deaf have always avoided making direct appeals to the hearing public for aid in their various undertakings, which is a praiseworthy attitude, but the leaders of the blind and hard of hearing are not backward in making such appeals. The *Journal* editor in the last issue says "the hard-of-hearing have girdled the land with club houses obtained through public sympathy."

* * *

Many deaf people have more or less difficulty in acquiring and using slang, and then are dismayed at being told that such and such a phrase is now "old stuff." The following article and list is interesting:

THINK SLANG DOESN'T PROGRESS? HOT DOG, IT CERTAINLY STEPS ALONG

BY JOSE RODRIGUEZ

SLANG is the speech of caricature. It is the most forceful and picturesque way of telling a story, pointing a moral, or "kidding the highbrows."

Slang evolves and develops rapidly and colorfully. It is never static or gentle. It screams, laughs, twitters and jeers, but seldom sings, weeps or contemplates.

American slang, among those of England-speaking people, is the most vigorous and pungent. The English have some striking and characteristic phrases, such as "pulling a leg" for "spoofing," "have the wind up" for "having cold feet," and a few others.

The Canadians have "buckshee" for free of charge, "jake" for okeh, and others. But the American slang is so rich and picturesque, and changes so completely in every generation, that it is regarded as the brilliant chameleon among varieties of language.

The following list of expressions and definitions, under the dates of their widest use, give a fairly accurate indication of the progress and direction of American slang:

Was in 1900	Was in 1912	Is in 1925
my steady	my flame	my sweet mamma
she's there	she's all to the mustard	she's the monkey's instep
charmer	vamp	red-hot sheba
hot air	kidding	applesauce, boloney
wall flower	lady killer	foul ball
heart breaker	the merry ha-ha	raspberries
the laugh	sport	cake-eater
dandy	four-flusher	lounge lizard, sponge
flirting	sparking, spooning	necking, petting
cutie	chicken	flapper
good for you!	bully!	attaboy!
quit your kidding	lay off	be yourself
putting on airs	up stage	ritzy, highhating
ah, there!	oh, you kid!	hot puppy!
the goods	the cheese	cat's meow
guy	simp	poor fish
beat it	skidoo	ankle along
short sport	tight-wad	cheap skate

* * *

The winter class of the Los Angeles High School was graduated on January 29, 1926. Among the graduates was Harlow P. Rothert, the second son of Mr. and Mrs. Waldo H. Rothert. Looking over the class book, "The Blue and White," we glean some interesting facts about this youth. Out of the class of 294 he was one of the eight chosen to become members of the Ephebian Society, an honor society composed of students of the graduating classes of the city who have been chosen because of excellence in scholarship, character and leadership. He was Vice-President of the Boys' Senior Board, whose ideal of prevention instead of punishment of law offenders has been successfully carried out. He was on the Class Board of

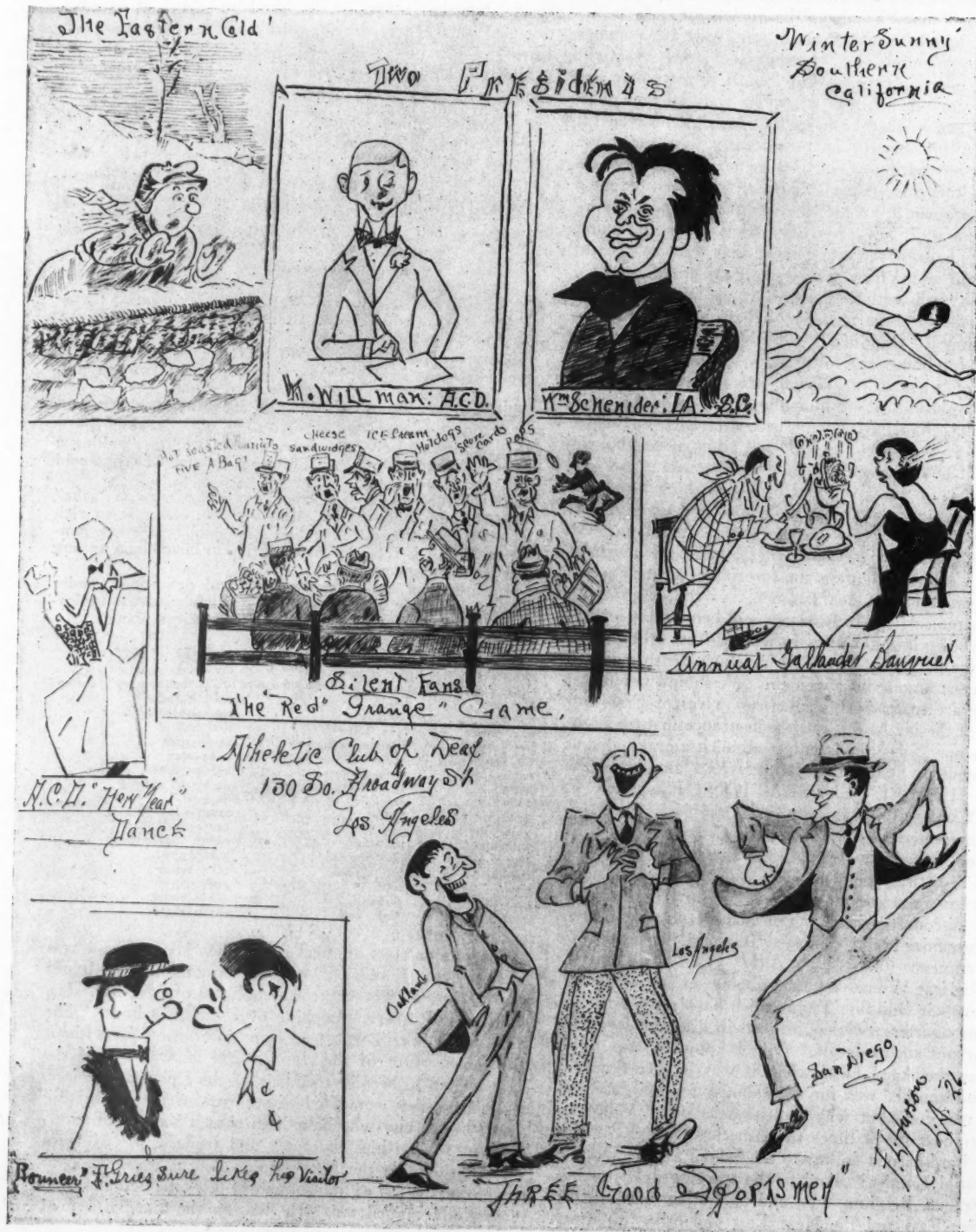
Officers as Treasurer. In the "Roster" of the class he is thus described:

ROTHERT, HARLOW
Past Incarnation
King Solomon.
Present Station
Our football hero.
Anticipation
Stanford's football hero.

In "Athletics" he is thus mentioned: "Harlow played regular center and subbed for Smith at fullback. At

either position he covered himself with glory. He starred at full in the Jefferson game, and his defensive work was excellent all season. "These quotations are from the description of the game in which the team won the championship. Early in the second quarter Harlow took Smith's place whose leg was badly hurt.

"Before 50,000 eager fans, L. A. and Poly fought their traditional battle at the Coliseum on Thanksgiving Day. This battle annually draws more attention than any other high school game in the country. Last year Poly and L. A. tied for the city championship. This year L. A. was





Harlow P. Rothert, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Rothert.
Graduated in January with the winter class of the Los
Angeles High School

again playing against Poly to win the coveted title. Poly, with one of her strongest teams in years, but bearing a blurred record of one defeat, was out to upset the "dope" and win. With this as a goal, combined with the tradition of the two schools at stake, the football world looked to see a battle royal; and it was not disappointed, for the game turned out to be the fastest ever played at the Coliseum."

♦ ♦ ♦

Dr. Frank Crane was in Los Angeles recently and a reporter interviewed him on the subject of which ten books he would take with him to share the solitude of a desert island. The noted writer discoursed in a most interesting manner on books and authors. Of his remarks we shall quote those on Hugo and give his list of ten best books:

Fresh laurels were wreathed about the brows of Victor Hugo as the "world's greatest muckraker."

"Victor Hugo," Dr. Crane said, "is one of the few men in history who can justly be acclaimed a master. For one thing he was the word's greatest muckraker. There never has been one since fit to tie the latchet of his shoes."

"But he was an optimist as well, and that's a rare combination. If more of our critics, Mencken, for instance, would read him it would do them good. Hugo's books are a mine of facts"

Victor Hugo, by the way, is the only author in the list whom Dr. Crane praised for his style. Literature as art, as style, as a picture of manners, a companionable record of emotional experience, a mirror of character, a solace, anodyne, freshener of leisure, finds little part in his scheme of things entire."

Again and again he returned to his dictum that for him books were tools.

PROSE HELD BSET

But he praised Hugo's style. "About the most perfect of prose?" was asked.

"Does that refer, doctor, to his novels, or his poems? Many of his countrymen rate his poetry higher than his prose?" was asked.

"To his prose" said the doctor, without hesitation. "I don't think," he mused, "that I care for his poetry"

But if I were to be marooned on a desert island, with only 10 books for company, the dictionary would still be my first choice because I should need it to understand the other nine. It is the world's most useful book. And my second choice would be a good thesaurus of the English language."

The world's 10 best books rises as follows:

1. The dictionary.
2. Roget's "Thesaurus."
3. Shakespeare, in one volume.
4. The Bible.
5. Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables."
6. Robert Burns' poems.
7. Maeterlinck's "Treasures of the Humble."
8. Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."
9. Henry George's "Progress and Poverty."
10. Boswell's Life of Samuel Johnson."



Winter scene in the proposed Smoky Mountain National
Park, Cades Cove, Tennessee
By L. A. Elmer, Knoxville



One of the many beautiful shady lanes on the grounds
of the Tennessee School for the Deaf
By L. A. Elmer, Knoxville

Day Schools Versus Institutions

By JAMES F. BRADY

PROLOGUE



HAVE been unable all the time I have not written for this magazine to explain to my many friends the cause. No alibi that I could manufacture would have filled the bill. I could not resume till some Minnesota professor rescued from innocuous desuetude the word "asthenic." Astheny simply means diminution of vital forces, or in every-day speech, laziness. "I have been too lazy" sounds vulgar and grates on one's sensibilities. An author, to be successful, must use nice-sounding phrases, and so I will say that I am an asthenic and as such am not responsible for my predicament. Today my astheny went away for a visit—for how long I do not know—and hence my reappearance in these pages.

Naturally when one writes on controversial subjects he "hears" from people of different temperaments and philosophies and prejudices. I have received nice letters from some who stated that my articles were somnific and others told me that they caused somnifugousness and one blamed me for his becoming a somniloquist. Truly a strange state of affairs, but as the Bible says that he who thrashes you the most does it for your good and is your best friend. Assuming it to be true I will say that my "serverest critics" were my staunchest supporters, and as for that talker-in-his-sleep I will offer the consolation that his wife cannot see his talk very well in the dark.

It was Freud, I believe, who said that we all unconsciously imitate heroes of our own kind and our actions obeying the stimuli engendered in the subconscious give us away. I never suspected that my god was that broken-nosed village loafer who during the day went about town and asked questions and propounded theories and at night had to put up with Xanthippe's tongue lashing regarding his lack of family support. I refer to Socrates. I have a predilection for querying, nosing about, theorizing philosophizing, and after molling over the gross material gathered in the magnum gatherum of my brain I pass the stuff out for the delectation of my readers. I always believed that my favorite was Democritus, the original laughing philosopher, the father of all humorists, but Freud has ruled otherwise and placed me in the same class as that greatest corrupter of Athenian youth. With due apologies to the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals I will refuse to drink boot-leg liquor in place of hemlock and make myself a dead one.

Hearken! ye poets, columnists, preachers, writers and leaders among the deaf. I have a tale to tell and a moral is attached to its tail. Once upon a time the Chinese philosopher S'Han Gai took his pupils out for a walk and espying some trees the wise man said, "Look at yonder tree on the left, and see how symmetrical it is and how clean it is underneath. On the right you see that dilapidated one. Stones are to be found all around it. Now, children, can you tell me the significance?" The children could not answer, so the teacher went on with his lesson and said: "The one on the left gives shade and the spirits of the gods hover around it. It has its place in the scheme of life. The one over there bears fruit. How do I know? The stones lying all around it tell of the attempts of the little boys who wanted to get the fruit from the high branches. That tree gives life and sustenance and has to

suffer the penalty. Therefore, my children, when you see anybody stoned he is either a good man who has gone on a different path from the beaten one or a criminal." If he is a good one and the stones are piled high around him, follow him. He is your salvation."

Of course my friends are to understand that the stones are only literal. You can throw words. They hurt less and will save you embarrassments at the police station. I also want to warn all that the "straw-bail" people are now charging more. You do not even have to throw anything. It will suffice if you convey a piece of your mind through the kindness of Uncle Sam at a cost of two cents.

Now that I have "explained everything" satisfactorily—to myself, at least—I will invite your attention to the following article:

DAY SCHOOLS vs. INSTITUTIONS

During our class's graduating year one of our teachers, a deaf-mute himself, frequently touched upon the subject of higher education and he favored our going to high schools for the hearing rather than to Gallaudet, from which he had graduated and which honored him with two degrees. He cited the benefits which were: fresh ideas and an insight into life as it was, instead of looking at it from the deaf person's point of view; giving people who later in life would help us in a business way; and in time we would not have to depend on associating with other deaf people to enjoy life. The advice did sound grand and fine, but, young we were, we knew our oats and on which foot the corn hurt the most. We said so, but not in that highfalutin' language, firstly, because we were weak in epigrams and, secondly, because we did not dare.

He said that we were the victims of habit and that had we gone to public schools (day schools?) we would be far different in every way, and better, too.

About twenty years ago at a convention of the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf I became acquainted with the late Rev. Mr. Van Allen whose missionary work, if I remember right, was confined to northern Pennsylvania and southern New York. I found him a very brilliant and well-educated man. It was from him that I heard the story, or rather dialogue, that later became a "classic" among the deaf and which seems now to have been forgotten. It ran this way: "A man upon discovering that I was deaf became interested in me and asked me many questions. He wanted to know if I married and had children would they all be deaf too? I asked him in turn if he had a cork leg and married and had children would they all have cork legs? To my surprise he pulled up his trousers and showed me his cork leg."

But that is not what I originally intended to bring out. He told me something more interesting than the many interesting topics he touched upon. The subject was "Institutions versus Day Schools." He argued that institutions were the worst places to send deaf children to because they were taken away from home life and trained in ways different from those obtaining at home. The religious doctrines, the moral concepts, the social usages, manners, customs, bent of mind, etc., at the institutions were unknown and strange to the people at



Lake Scene

By Miss Anna M. Klaus



*Along the Fraser River
Taken near Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada.*

By H. Crutcher

home. When they came home for the summer vacations they did not mix with the neighbors' children because they did not have time to readjust themselves to the little world which they really belonged but were taken away from. The parents and relatives were almost strangers to the little "dummies" home from their mystical institutions where they learned to talk with their hands and fingers. Not finding other deaf playmates, they naturally become solitary, moody, dumb-sore trials to their elders who were glad when vacation days were over and the deaf ones were gladder to go back to the place where they were "understood" and where life was tolerable. Even after leaving school for good and staying home they were "aliens"—unhappy in an environment which were not made for their kind; no friends who could talk in their language, few understood the limits of lip-reading and nobody seemed to understand what they were trying to say. In Mr. Van Allen's opinion it was a crime, worse than a crime, an error, paraphrasing I found out later, a saying made famous during the French Revolution, an era which gave birth to many pithy, well-turned phrases.

From the back of my head, or is it from the subconscious mind, unrolled a humorous, or perhaps as some may view it, a tragic tale related to me by one of my schoolmates—an Israelite. In chapel we all recited prayers and hymns and in the schoolroom as part of our oral lesson we memorized and spoke them till we could say them with a fervor that would please a revivalist. Israel was proud of his ability to "sing," for did not teacher tell him he did it perfectly? Well, there was a big gathering at his house one holiday—Purim or Rosah Hoskanah, I forget which—and little Israel wanted all to pat him on the back and heap euniums on him because of his singing ability. He innocently chose "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." Not wishing to dilate upon the reception that he received I will draw the curtain and leave the moral of it to you. If I may give you my opinion I will say that the institution had no right to teach the Jewish pupils things that their religion did not sanction and the teachers knew it very well, but they had their orders, I believe.

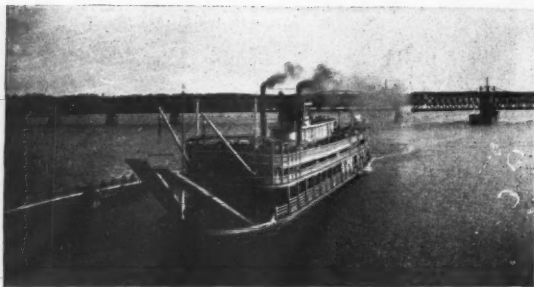
It was Dr. Van Allen's idea that institutions turned out "dummies," branding them with unmistakable marks, much the same as penitentiaries discharge their human derelicts with shuffling walk, pallor, furtive looks, speaking from the corners of the lips, as reminders. I did not then have sense enough to ask him how one could be distinguished from a crowd as having hailed from an institution for the deaf, and as for whom forced boarders at penal institutes I leave it to you readers to say that you can spot them anywhere.

I asked him, though, if what he said applied mainly to deaf people in small towns because in cities conditions were different. He admitted that conditions were dissimilar, but still the city deaf were in an "alien" land and their elders were puzzled as to how to make them seek hearing friends and be less prone to associate with their own kind. In the spiritual sense all products of institutions were in the same dilemma, he thought.

As an alternative he favored day schools, along the line of public schools, and he prophesied that such schools would come into vogue in the future, because institutions would be unable to take care of the increasing number of deaf children and the public would become educated and the state and city governments would see the advantages. The net result insofar as the deaf were concerned would show the wisdom of the choice, he declared.

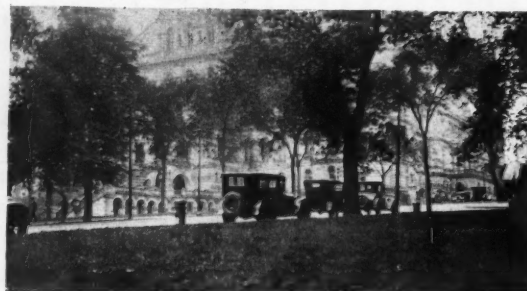
A few years ago, Herr Ballin raised a row when he wrote an article in the now-defunct *Jewish Deaf*, entitled "Delende Est Carthago," in which he uttered lamentations of having become "dummized" in an institution and demanded that all such places be destroyed. He exaggerated the defects but there were germs of truth in what he said. Dr. Alexander Graham Bell seemed to favor day schools if his answers to questions propounded by the Royal Commission in 1888 are to be taken as criterions. They are to be found in the *Volta Review* for February, 1923. He was asked, "Do you not think that in many cases the teaching is much checked by children going home to illiterate parents under the day school system?"

He replied: "It depends entirely upon the character of the home; I think in the majority of cases that the teaching is helped. But there is more than that to consider. Many parents desire to benefit and assist their children at home, but do not know what to do. In the day schools they come into personal relations with the teachers and an exchange of ideas occurs. The teacher tells the mother what to do at home, and she does it. In an institution pupils are taken away so far from their parents; the parents never communicate with the teachers, or very rarely; and when the children go home in the holidays they do not know how to communicate with them. The children get tired of home and long for the school playground, and the deaf children with whom they can communicate so freely; the ties of blood relationship are weakened and the institution becomes their home. The day school strengthens those ties of relationship. The communication between the teacher and the parent enables the parent to help the child at home; and I have seen in the Horace Mann School many instances of wonderful results achieved quite as much, I think, by the parent as by the teacher, by the co-operation of the two."



Excursion boat entering locks of big dam at Keokuk, Iowa.
Mississippi River Dam.

By Gretchen Fahr



Capitol, Albany, N. Y.

By Anna M. Klaus

In regards to Trades, Dr. Bell thought that it was "a very important point" to determine "how far it is advantageous to teach specific trades to the deaf pupils in institutions;" because "the institution is necessarily limited to the choice of very few trades... and all these deaf children go into competition with one another where they are not wanted. I think that the tendency should be to scatter the deaf and dumb in different employments rather than to bring them all into two or three trades; and that it would be better to teach the elements of trade in institutions rather than specific trades."

Soon after we left school a schoolmate went West, not at the urgent plea of Horace Grelley, but at the invitation of a strike-breaking association which paid his fare thence. To be specific, he went to Chicago where he did well and when he came East for a visit we were surprised at the sign-making that he mastered—he mannish, forceful, emphatic. He made fun at our Mt. Airy dactylology and warned us that if we went to that city to keep our mouth shut and to learn the right signs or we would be borne away on a stretcher as some pure oralists had learned to their profit. He planted in my soul the fear of that dreadful city and it was with trepidations when I ignored my jazzy neives and stopped off there on my way to St. Paul a couple of years ago. My friend was right. Nobody was talking *a la* Mt. Airy except the "most famous deaf man from New York." Nothing happened to him. I decided that his defect was overlooked because he was a great personage, but later I also espied a real Chigagoan going off in a great way with his oralism, signing and facial grimaces. Something evidently was wrong somewhere.

At the picnic I espied a group of well-dressed people herding together. They were part of the crowd and yet far away from it. You have it right: they were oralists, products of a day school in Chicago. I later found out that there are ten such schools there. Introducing myself in the way deaf do I got on famously with the people and plied them with questions. No, they did not learn trades at school. No, they did not have baseball teams, nor football nor basketball teams. No, they did not have a gymnasium. No, they did not have an alumni association. No, they did not go to conventions. Yes, they would like (the men,) and love (the ladies) to learn our language. Yes, they were happy, thank you. Yes, they had fine jobs, thank you.

Unknown to me and to others, Philadelphia itself is establishing day schools. I learned of the existence of one the other day.

It seems that Rev. Mr. Allen's prognostication is right. The future status of the deaf, products of such schools, is intriguing.

As for myself, I am thankful that I went to the Mt. Airy School where the air was purer than that around our home, with its dust, soot and smoke from factories not far off; where I learned academically and industrially, not to mention spiritually and morally; where I formed friendships that I value to this day; where I was comfortable and happy; where I learned the value of *esprit de corps* and co-operation; where my youthful engeries were directed in the right paths, but the greatest blessing that the school offered was a chance to learn a trade which has enabled me to live and support a family. Like everybody else, as Mr. Van Allen argued, it was sometime before I adjusted myself to things, but it is only natural, for do we not learn to alter our living to circumstance—following the line of least resistance—the same as all living things do? Surely the period of adjustment is brief as compared with advantages derived from such a school as the one I attended.

Of course there are some former pupils living elsewhere whose existence is pitiful. They are still "pupils" and cannot change themselves to harmonize with their environment. But their number is small. There are hearing people who are in the same fix and they are called lunatics because they live in an alien world and are incapable of anchoring themselves to this mundane globe, even if they have never stepped outside of their localities.

If you believe that the N.A.D., the N.F.S.D. and other associations for the deaf are necessary for their welfare, and if you think that homes for the aged deaf are a blessing for them, then day schools are a curse because they mean absence of cohesion, lack of teamwork, difficulty of parliamentary routine, the consequence of lack of signs which are the only medium satisfying to the deaf. Surely you will not find any day schools using sign language as a means of instruction and the pupils will scatter perhaps never to meet again. What is there to draw them to convention? Who will go to a lecture given by word of mouth? What chances have they of learning a trade? Those of you who wanted to try something else than a trade you are taught at school appreciate how hard it is for a deaf person to be given a chance to learn the rudiments. I am not referring to rubber work, mill work, or mechanical lines, but to those trades that pay more and require years of experience.

As for our teacher's advice to go to hearing schools, I know of some schoolmates who did it. One graduated with honors and was chosen class valedictorian. She married a deaf-mute and they are happy. Another became successful in the automobile line and I heard he became a foreman. He was capable because he could speak fluently and could read the lips. He moved to New England and has a deaf wife. Another had a



San Diego Bay at Midnight
Taken by John F. Sticht, San Diego, Cal.
Submitted by Henry P. Crutcher



"Rough Weather"
U.S.S. Richmond. Taken by John F. Sticht, of San Diego,
Cal., from aboard the S S. Alexandria.
Submitted by Henry P. Crutcher

future that the teachers watched with interest and he married a deaf lady and became a preacher. And so it goes.

What is the explanation? We were creatures of institutional life and could not shake off our associations that we found were the most congenial to us? Would things be different if we had gone to day schools?

The fact of the matter is that we know a good thing when we see it and we try for it. If we succeed in winning it, hurrah. But after bucking the line ineffectually we learn to know our limits and retreat as gracefully as we can and seek places where we can be big frogs in little puddles. It applies to all the deaf—even to the hard of hearing who have never gone to institutions, as witness the spread of speech and lip-reading clubs. They associate with their own kind because hearing people are not as a rule tolerant and patient with such persons.

Is it not a fact that there are many well meaning people who in their endeavor to improve the lot of others are

ignorant, dead from the neck up, as the slangers have it, of the consequences of their theories? And have you notice that it is seldom a deaf-mute who has gone through the mill who proposes Utopian modes to improve the lot of other people like himself? No, it is the same with theories of government. It is the parlor socialists who propound the generalities and the hard-boiled politicians who know the ropes that turn the wheels of government. If I want a thing done by the government, I will know whom to go to.

Why do not reformers who intend to uplift the deaf ask the opinions of intelligent deaf people who know what is good for us?

We may lift up our silent supplication but nobody will listen to us, because we are like the Chinaman in this little "joke." Pat said he always prayed before he fought and the Lord always heard him. Mike said to Pat, "sure, and if you fight with a Chinaman he always pray, too. Whom will the Lord listen to?" Pat replied: "Who in doomination understands a Chink?"

Hunting and Trapping Big Game in Idaho

By BOB WHITE

(Part V—Continued from last month)

IT SEEMS that the lives of all wild animals come to a sudden and tragic end. The trapper on his rounds finds tragedy after tragedy written on the white pages of the snow. He finds a few scattered feathers and perhaps a few bones, which speaks of the crime—for it is the work of a bob-cat which had surprised a covey of grouse. In the deep recess of the canon, where he has constructed a deadfall for bear, he almost stumbles upon the carcass of a young doe, and around and about it are tracks of a huge mountain lion.

The traps and poison were still doing effective work around the two horses. We had succeeded in adding thirty-two coyotes, a small wolf and several bob-cats to our catch. By this time the weather had become warmer, and there were indications that the worst of the winter's storms were over.

During the day the sun softened the snow, which necessitated using snowshoes; but at night it froze, forming a crust strong enough to bear us on skis.

At intervals we'd hear the honk, honk of a passing flock of ducks.

The thin ice along the shores of the river began to show signs of melting, and in the course of a few days the muskrats seemed to have returned in greater numbers, and as spring rats bring more than those caught earlier in the season, we set every available trap.

The little shed where we kept our furs had become overcrowded, necessitating removing most of them to the cabin, where we graded and tied them in neat bundles ready to ship when we returned to civilization.

This was the reason we never left the cabin unguarded, for if anyone should come along and was of a dishonest trend of mind, those furs would have sorely tempted them; besides we were constantly on the lookout for "Mormon Jim," as we expected he'd follow the trail I led in departing from his cabin with beaver pelts.

Our supply of sugar and bacon was getting low, so Dallas decided to go to the ranch after breakfast, there

being a stiff crust on the snow, which made easy going on skis.

As he was leaving, Gabe spoke up, saying:

"Tellum foreman Gabe want odder hoss; bait mos' gone now. Purty soon b'ar cum down from hills, 'an him mighty hongree, lion come too then we gettum."

While I washed the breakfast dishes and set things in order, Gabe went to the carcasses to see what luck we had. Soon after he left I picked up the water pail, and went to the spring, but when within fifty yards of it, a shot sounded from the direction of the river, which I knew was fired by Gabe, having probably dispatched some animal that was in the traps.

As the shot rang out there was a commotion in the bushes in front of me near the spring, and I caught sight at a tawny form bounding across an opening. Being unarmed, I immediately returned to the cabin, loaded my Savage and returned to the pot.

Fortune seemed to have favored me that morning, as I hadn't gone over a quarter mile before coming in sight of it. The beast didn't seem to be in the least concerned over my presence. It would trot ahead leisurely, then stop and eye me curiously, its long tail slowly moving from side to side.

Although I felt perfectly safe in firing. I was compelled to wait until I could get a broad-side shot, as the animal only turned its head when looking back. But at last my chance came, so taking quick aim, fired. The animal spun around several times, finally regaining its feet, one of which hung helpless at its side, but in spite of this handicap, made surprising speed on three legs, heading directly toward the thick undergrowth along the river. Realizing that, if the animal reached cover, it would be a dangerous undertaking to follow, I fired again and again, and at my last shot the animal crumpled and fell within ten feet of the bushes.

This was one of the largest animals I ever shot, measuring almost seven feet. It was old; its claws were worn blunt, and its great yellow teeth were also badly worn. I am of the opinion that it had found one of the poisoned baits and had come to the spring for water, the poison just beginning to take effect, which accounted for its unusual actions, as they generally make a hasty retreat at the first sight of man.

The bullets had made great holes in the pelt; however, as we never kept the hide of a lion, after taking the scalp as required by the state and cattlemen's associations, returned to camp where I found Gabe with three coyotes and a bob-cat.

It was nearly dinner time, and, as Dallas hadn't returned, I set about preparing the meal, after which we skinned the animals caught; then, as there was nothing special to do, spent the afternoon cleaning our rifles and repairing a few damaged traps.

It was late in the afternoon when Dallas returned, bringing the needed supplies, as well as a few late newspapers and reports from the fur houses. He had made the return trip mounted on the old horses we were to use for bait. We decided to turn it loose along the river, knowing it would not stray far from the cabin, and would attract more animals, as they would naturally hang around until an opportunity came to pull it sown. This seemed to be the case, as the first night the coyotes seemed to be out in great numbers.

Their constant howling would bring other animals—probably wolves or a lion. On the third night the noise became so fierce that we decided to go to the river and investigate, as the moon was shining brightly, enabling us to see objects at quite a distance. As we drew near we saw

the horse coming directly toward us surrounded by a dozen coyotes.

Every step the animal made caused it to sink to its knees in the snow. As it drew near we all stooped, hoping the approaching coyotes would not notice us until too late. We had our rifles, and as the animals were now within fair range, all took aim and fired simultaneously.

As the shots rang out there was a great scurrying of the coyotes, but four of them were killed, while a fifth was so badly wounded that it fell some distance away. We each fired twice into the compact mass, and, as we expected, one of the bullets struck the horse, wounding it so badly that we had to give it a finishing shot.

"Well, boys," said Gabe after we returned to the cabin, "the trappin' season's 'bout o'er, as far as beeg game goes, an arter ole hoss is gone, we need no more bait. In mornin' we cut off him' leg an' drag to arroyo whar foreman say plentee b'ar; set beeg trap an' first warm day b'ar wake from long sleep; look fer grub, fin' hoss, then we hav' plentee b'ar meat."

The following morning Gabe and Dallas went to the carcass of the horse where they severed one of its hind legs, then, after tying a rope to it, dragged it to the arroyo a mile from camp. We only had one bear trap with us, a brand new one which had never been used. It weighed nearly twenty pounds, being one of the strongest, best made traps I ever saw.

Have you ever experience the sensation of feeling as though you were being watched—a vague uneasiness which gradually creeps over you telling you something is wrong—a premonition of impending evil?

Picking up a pail I started after water, but had not gone far before noticing a man coming down the path leading to the spring; it was neither Gabe nor Dallas, or the foreman, and as there was no one else who visited us, I came to the conclusion it must be "Mormon Jim," who had come to seek retaliation for the beaver pelts.

The minute I saw him, the spell that held me in its grasp the whole morning was broken.

He was a heavily-built man of medium size, and while a heavy growth of beard covered his face, still, I noticed there was a merry twinkle in his deep, brown eyes, when he extended his hand in greeting: "How are you, stranger?" he said: "Didn't know I had any neighbors until a couple of weeks ago, when someone visited my shack, stole seven beaver pelts and smashed some of my traps."

There was nothing indicative of anger in his voice or actions, so knew his visit boded no evil, and even if he had shown signs of hostility, two shots in quick succession from my Colt would have brought Gabe and Dallas.

"Beaver pelts," I said, "don't you know you're going against the law to trap beaver? Why this meadow right here is full of them, but they are never molested. My partners and I live up to and respect the game laws, and we want to see others do the same."

"Well, stranger, he said contemplatively, "if that's so, I'll pull my traps; honest, I didn't know there was any such law, and am glad you told me. Anyhow, I just had to come over for I run out of terbaker, and if you were the game warden it would have been just the same, for a good chew is worth more to me right now than them beaver pelts."

By this time Gabe and Dallas had joined us, and after introducing the stranger as "Mormon Jim," entered the cabin where dinner was soon prepared and all sat down to do justice to it.

No mention of the beaver pelts was made until Jim was to return to his cabin, when Dallas blurted out:

"Watinel ever made you go an' trap them beaver, Jim?"

Better cut it out mighty quick, or th' furst thing y'u know th' warden'll be around, then what?

"Hold on, Dallas: how about yourself? Don't you remember the time you and Sandy Bluth worked the same game up in the Teton country? Cost you a good pile to get out of that scrape, didn't it? No use—"

"Well, I'll be d——," he replied, and before "Jim" could say more, Dallas turned and went to the cupboard, and, after a few minutes returned handing him a good sized plug of tobacco. I noticed that he put his forefinger to his mouth, giving him a knowing wink—the backwoodsman's sign of silence.

Jim took the hint instantly and made no further remarks, but after bidding us good bye, and extending us an invitation to visit him, left and disappeared down the trail leading to the hidden valley where he made his home.

Dallas and I favored poisoning the carcass of the horse we had killed the previous night, scattering pieces of it along the river where the coyotes were in the habit of gathering, and while Gabe agreed thought it best to set traps a few nights as he was anxious to catch a female to use as a decoy for there were unmistakable signs that the mating season had started.

He took great care in setting the traps that evening, and instead of making three sets, as was his usual custom, made six, four of which were close to the carcass, while the other two were set in the trail where they had dragged the leg to the arroyo.

The following morning there were three coyotes in the traps, two of which proved to be females, besides this one of the sets contained the prettiest red fox any of us ever saw. The fur was almost six inches in some places blending from a yellowish-red on its back, to pure white under its neck and stomach, while its brush was almost six inches in circumference, being somewhat darker than the fur of its body.

The instant I saw the animal I decided it was mine at any cost, and just as Gabe drew his Colt, begged him not fire, but to let me kill it with a club, as I didn't want a single drop of blood to get on it, having already formed my plans.

After dispatching the male coyote, we returned to the cabin and procured a couple of ropes, and after much manoeuvring, succeeded in roping one of the females, Dallas and I pulling from opposite direction, while Gabe slipped a leather collar on its neck, attached to a heavy chain two yards long. This took quites some time, and after releasing it from the trap, dragged the animal to a point within two hundred yards of the cabin, where we drove an iron stake in the ground—then after carefully removing the ropes from its neck, returned and repeated the same tactics with the other animal, which gave us more trouble than the first as it seemed to be much older and showed more fight.

Both animals seemed to realize their helplessness, for, as we left them, instead of struggling, both play quietly on the ground, watching us thru half-closed eyes, but the minute we disappeared behind some bushes, both began desperate efforts to regain their freedom, but those chains and collars had been used for the same purpose before, and had always stood the test.

We had practiced this method during the mating season with gratifying success, and although we knew the decoys would attract several animals during the night, decided not to do any shooting until the day after the traps were set. When a live decoy is used a complete circle is made around it, using two traps to each set, placed about ten yards from the decoy, and about five feet apart.

The coyotes approach the decoy very cautiously, but as they came nearer, seem to lose their restraint, which brings them among the traps.

I have often watched their action while approaching a decoy and after they have been caught. As soon as the trap grips their leg they struggle furiously until exhausted, then, after a short rest, resume their efforts to escape, then they lay down almost motionless, hardly stirring from their position.

That this method is a most successful one, was proved by the six coyotes we caught the first night after putting out the traps, but in spite of the traps that encircled the decoys, some of the animals managed to escape as, when we approached, four others which were lying near, leaped to their feet and disappeared.

The decoys kept up an incessant howling during the night, but as soon as it became daylight, both ceased and spent the greater part of the day lying down, and although we could have easily shot several which came within range, held our fire, as it would have had a tendency to make the animals more cautious.

"Gabe, what kind of a fox do you call this, anyhow," I asked while skinning the one we had caught.

"Gabe, not sure, but t'ink re fox cross breed with prairie fox; only see one odder like him. Him bring 'bout fiv' dollar."

"Five dollar," I replied; "well, then, it's settled; it's mine, and when we square up you're that much ahead."

And so the coveted pelt was mine. Sometime later after returning to the city, I was offered \$30 for it, but refused the offer. Later it was made into a muff, and after the furrier completed it, he offered \$75, but it was not for sale.

Uneventful days passed, and, as yet, Gabe hadn't visited the bear trap. The traps around the carcass of the horse were doing good work, not a day passing without catching several animals, while the two decoys proved to be a bonanza.

The decoys were staked out twenty-five yards from a dry ditch about ten feet deep; the animals approaching them would invariably come that way, and after reaching a point opposite them, slowly raise their head above the bank, and, after feeling assured no one was near, emerged from the ditch, actually crawling to the decoys. On one occasion, while concealed behind a clump of bushes, waiting for a shot, two of them came from the ditch and crept up to the decoys side by side, making a splendid chance for a double kill; but held my fire until they had crossed the circle of traps.

By this time they had crossed the circle of traps having risen to their feet, so taking aim, was about to fire, when the animal aimed at gave a sudden jump followed by a sharp yelp, from which I knew it had sprung one of the traps. The other animal was so surprised that it stood perfectly still and actually nosed the other a few seconds. This was my chance, so fired, and to my surprise, both animals dropped in their tracks. Investigation showed the shot had struck both animals a short distance back of the forequarters, the steeljacketed bullet passing clear through them.

After re-setting the traps I dragged the animals to camp where Gabe was saddling preparatory to visiting the bear trap. I wanted to accompany him, but he thought it best to remain behind and remove the pelts of the animals, as it is no easy matter to remove them after frozen. Before leaving he told me that, in case there was anything in the trap, or if it had been carried away, he would give the signal.

Fancy my feelings, when, a half hour later, while busily engaged in skinning the coyotes, two shots rang out on the quietness of the morning. It was only the work of a few seconds to attach my skis, and was soon making my way to the spot where the trap was set. Gabe was waiting, but

the trap had been dragged away as well as the limb it was attached to. As soon as a bear springs a trap it begins to make things lively all around, and if the trap had been staked it never would have withstood the strength of the infuriated brute, as he will slash at the surrounding trees, biting at the trap and chain, then start pulling at the limb to which the trap is attached. Finding this gives, he gradually works away from the spot, stopping now and then to tear away the branches which impede his progress. This leaves a trail which is easily followed. Sometimes the bear will stop and demolish the drag until there is nothing left but a single chunk, and in some cases will entirely free the chain which enables it to travel faster, but even with the huge trap, is not able to get far.

"Gimme your Savage," Gabe said, as I came up to him; "b'ar not gone far; we trail him; gone mebbe two hour, but we gettum. Bawb, you b'e keerful; no tellin' what b'ar do w'en him in trap. Foller Gabe an' keep close."

I didn't wonder at his asking me for my rifle, as it proved to be much superior to the 250-300 he carried, besides, I knew that all animals are hard to kill at times. A bear will drop time and time again to a well-placed shot, but will recover its feet and charge, but they cannot stand long after receiving a quartering shot, when the bullet is placed well back in the ribs about half way up, ranging forward toward the opposite shoulder.

It is dangerous to fool with a bear; he may run as fast as a deer, or he may drop at the first bullet, but it is never safe to venture near one until you are sure he is dead, and it is always a mighty good rule to shoot him through the heart even after he has fallen.

We took up the trail in an unconcerned manner, as this was not the first bear we had trailed, having captured several on previous trips in Colorado and New Mexico. The trail led straight down the river among a maze of driftwood and fallen trees.

In one place it had wedged the trap between two trees about a foot apart, and, not being able to pull to through by sheer strength, had risen on its hind feet and broken one tree short off at the ground. When we came to this place, we knew by the tracks that the trap was fast to one of its forelegs, making it all the more difficult for the animal to travel fast.

We came to where it had tried to climb the steep hillside, but worried by the heavy trap which kept such a relentless grip upon its forepaw, gave it up, continuing its way along the river. We were half way cross an opening when we discovered where the animal had stopped for a

rest, which was evident, as the pine needles at the foot of a mighty pine were closely packed, and also noticed several long, black hairs fast to the bark of the tree. As we stood there refilling our pipes, we heard the unmistakable click, click of metal being dragged across stone.

We examined our rifles carefully, then slowly advancing, caught sight of the animal loping across an open spot, no doubt trying to reach a thick growth of scrub pine a short distance ahead, but failing to do so, and catching sight of us turned at bay. Now, a bear's voice can be heard a great distance on a quiet day, but when you are standing within two hundred yards of one, the sound is greatly magnified and causes a most unpleasant feeling, even to the veteran bear hunter.

We were not in the least excited, and after a few seconds, decided that Gabe would circle to the left of the animal so as to get a broadside shot, aiming so as to break both fore shoulders, which would make it powerless to charge us.

The animal didn't seem to notice Gabe's departure, and gazed intently in my direction, turning its head slowly from side to side. A limb snapping in the direction which Gabe had taken, caused it to look sharply to the left, and at the same instant the report of his rifle rang out.

I had no time to see the effect of the shot, but fired at the same instant. The animal dropped in its tracks, and after making sure it was dead, found that my bullet had struck the animal under the lower jaw, passing out the back of its neck, while Gabe's had torn a great hole in its fore-shoulder. We considered this mighty good shooting, as either of the shots would have been fatal. It proved to be a black bear of about three hundred pounds, and, it being impossible to get it to camp, even on the horse, decided to skin it where it had fallen. It took an hour to do this; then, after cutting off the choicest parts of the carcass, made our way back to our horse.

We had a hard time getting the animal to stand long enough to throw the still warm, steaming hide over its back, but, after much manoeuvring, succeeded, then mounting, made our way back to camp without further incident.

The writer had had considerable experience with the common black and brown bears of the west, but has never had one charge him. On one occasion, while hunting on the Grand Mesa, in Colorado, a small cub entered the cabin while washing dishes, and did not seem to be in the least disturbed at my presence, but when I accidentally dropped a dish, it made a dash for the door and disappeared in the undergrowth.

(To be Continued)



Skyline of Rochester, N. Y., taken from the roof of Y. M. C. A. (9 stories high)

By Verne Barrett

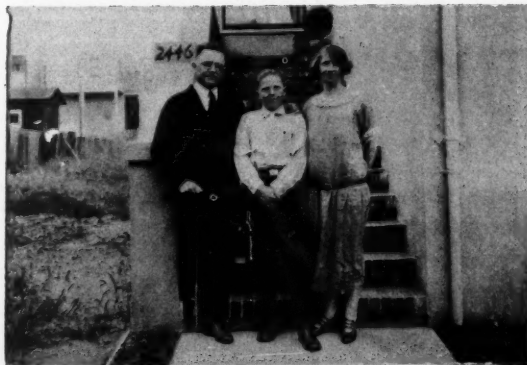
THE ARGONAUT

By J. W. Howson



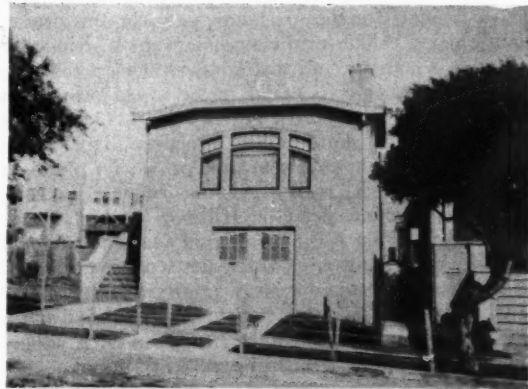
WITH this issue I present photographs of some of the homes owned by the deaf in various sections of the country. These homes show by their well kept appearance and solid structure that their owners and occupants are substantial citizens of the communities in which they reside. Aside from the volumes of reasons which might be presented as to why the average citizen should own his own home, there are additional reasons for the deaf man to dwell under his own vine and fig tree. To begin with it immediately banishes from his neighbors and immediate associates any feeling of superiority which they might hold because of the deaf man's lack of hearing. There are too many people with keen ears living in rented quarters for the comparison not to be made. It shows that the deaf man is forging ahead. It adds to his credit; it increases his self respect. Care of the house and its gardens occupies time that might possibly be given to brooding. Who knows not joy which may come from putting a shine on his lawn that exceeds that of his neighbors, or even that of the whole block? All credit to the deaf home owner for he shows his citizenship in a way not to be excelled.

Friend wife was induced at the behest of others to join some kind of profit sharing plan in one of the city's leading department stores. Instead of its being the sample thing she imagined, she had to go through a whole barage of questions, which included her husband's business, financial standing, *et cetera*. She was then admitted to the charmed circle which possibly has some advantages, but the joker came a few days later when she was informed that she now had a charge account with the firm. I am well aware that enough reasons in favor of charge accounts might be raised to fill this issue of the WORKER,



Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Norton and son on the steps of their home. They own their home and look at it. There is no better way for the deaf to display their independence than to own their home

but really it is hard to see how any of them can have merit. The charge account is merely an easy road if not a temptation to spend, and has no place in a well regulated family, least of all a deaf family. It is merely deferring payment of bills a month or two. As you must pay eventually, why not pay now? Prompt payment of bills is of the utmost importance to the deaf, as it increases their standing in the community. Every deaf family addicted to the



San Francisco home of E. E. Norton, a California boy. Mr. Norton is a skilled artisan with the state's leading jewelry firm, and is reputed to draw down one of the largest salaries amongst the deaf in San Francisco.

charge account habit should put a check on their expenditures for a month or two until they have the money to meet current expenses promptly. Then, instead of being restricted to stores in which they have charge accounts, they may shop freely where they will.

Down the peninsula from San Francisco, along the western shore of San Francisco Bay, one finds the upper crust of things socially out here. By out here I mean anything in the western parts of these United States of America. Formerly the rendezvous of this element was Burlingame, though country estates were scattered pretty well over the peninsula. And Burlingame was a name to conjure with. Then as cheap transportation brought thousands of city dwellers down the peninsula overrunning Burlingame as well as other small towns, the eclat shifted their scene of operations, founding the new town of Hillsboro. So it is now in Hillsboro that society holds out. Some of these people have estates costing into the millions. Others are more moderately fixed. Some are descendants of foreign nobility and still wear their titles. Others come from the red shirted pioneers of mining days. These people are pretty well satisfied with themselves. It takes something to get into their organization and stay in. Money alone will not do it, though it must be admitted



Residence of W. S. Runde, Oakland, Calif. This unique home of Prof. Runde is well set within a large garden, which includes a great variety of roses. A four room cottage and garage are also on the grounds, but not shown in the picture



Home of Mr. Art. O. Huebner, Minneapolis, Minn. This roof indicates that it certainly does snow in Minneapolis, but to look at the attractive summer surroundings of this house, you would scarcely think so.

that money goes a long way to provide ponies for the polo games, or mounts for the fox hunts, or yachts for cruises on the Pacific. Whatever these people want it seems they have, and it is not of record that kings, princes, potentates, business magnates or stars of the movie world turn down invitations to be Hillsboro's guests. Now Oakland is the hub of the east shore of San Francisco Bay. Some of the most prominent people of the bay district reside on the east side of the bay. But it is not common that any of Oakland's functions draw on Hillsboro's interest, save in one respect. That is the occasion of Oakland's annual horse shoe. The Hillsboro participates sending over hundreds of horses and a small army of trainers and grooms.

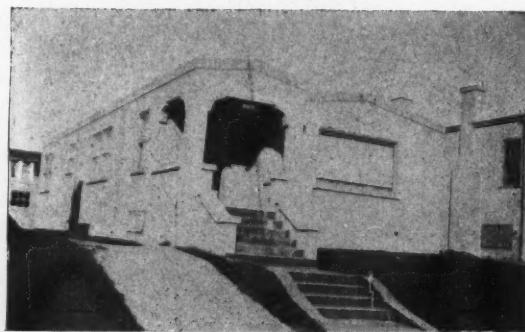
But I am getting quite beside the point. What I mean to do is draw the simile that the hearing portion of any community does that the deaf population unconsciously apes, be it in ever so humble a way. During the last several decades in bay circles there has been a gradual formation of a social organization amongst the deaf. Just who belongs probably nobody ever took the trouble to figure out. The housewife planning for a party of ten or twenty knows pretty closely whom to seek. For a party of thirty or forty, there is more juggling around the names, for one is beginning to approach those who are not regarded as fixtures in the organization.

There may be bitterness and criticism from those not thus included which quickly vanishes at those times when they find themselves amongst the invited, little realizing

that it is just such changes of attitude that make them socially undesired. Just who comprises this society? Very few of them are wealthy, even well-to-do. Many own their own homes. The men are evidently all gainfully employed and the women engaged in womanly duties. A pleasing personality is everywhere noticable. Though deaf these people respect themselves and show it in appearance and dress. There may be a few of the deaf who regret being deaf, but if so they do not discuss it. If any deaf people have ever been restored to society, these people are it. Quite unconsciously they can all apparently, without exception, move freely amongst the hearing, but the finest society they find is that amongst themselves, and this does not include the fact that some of them at times find it convenient to associate with the leading hearing people of the district. And when a social function is given by hearing people for the deaf and familiar with them, quite the first names to be put down are from this social circle. I have had it from hearing people fortunate enough to be invited to functions given by these deaf people that nowhere in their experience had they met with as fine a crowd and this is covering a whole lot of territory. Deaf people from other localities find the going hard and depart perhaps for the southern end of the state, where they say "Northern Californians are so unhospitable, while in the south you are welcomed with open doors." Others who come may have a friend to introduce them and receive a round of welcome, and then their comment is "Up north you have the grandest reception; everywhere is so common-



Home of Prof. Dean E. Tomlinson, Winnipeg, Canada. Compare the steep roof with the flat affairs covering the California homes. Reason is a California roof seldom makes the acquaintance of snow and then it is usually only a few flakes



Home of Mr. A. W. Patterson, Berkeley, Calif. Arkansas friends of Mr. and Mrs. Patterson will no doubt be glad to notice that their former resident is getting along in the Golden State.

place down south; everybody comes." Of these deaf people in this invisible social organization, some are semi-mutes, others deaf-mutes. Some speak and read the lips fluently; others cannot speak a word. Ability to speak and read the lips is an accomplishment, highly prized but not essential. Ability to play cards is quite an accomplishment, while dancing, though many are good dancers, is not at all in demand. Some have a fluent command of English, others, I suspect, are far from perfect in that respect. One does not need to have a perfect command of language to be a success socially. But there is one accomplishment that stands out preeminently. That is the use of clear and unmistakable signs, paired with finger spelling as the occasion may demand. Use of slang signs is disparaged and indeed such signs are a rarity. While in the use of signs some are exceptionally good talkers, all are good listeners. Politics and religion as topics of conversation are quite taboo. Most of these people are graduates from state schools for the deaf, but some come from the pure oral schools. The foothold which an oralist has in this crowd depends upon his proficiency in the sign language. The oralist who mouths it while signing, or for that reason any one who does so, is more or less undesired. These people are drawn together for mutual pleasure and relaxation. Anyone who cannot provide such entertainment is not wanted. And take it from me that when anyone from this organization visits another community he is usually entertained to the limit.

Some there are who would at times found a club and endeavor to draw into the new organization, members from this society. Usually it is found to be an effort to insure their own entry through a set of officers and rules. But members of the society invariably decline to be drawn into such an entanglement. They prefer the mobile or-

ganization which they have at present, an organization of which there are no officers and only one law, "He rules most who pleases most."

Lip readers will appreciate this. In a small California town, a message over the phone, "There is a fire at the hotel," quickly brought out the fire apparatus. On arriving at the hotel, the firemen found there was no fire, and a good laugh went around among the crowd, which quickly assembled, when it was found that the phone message was not for a fire but concerned a tire which had arrived for the fire department.

Newspaper notices indicate that the city of New Orleans is requiring that all automobile drivers entering their city from other localities shall secure a visitor's license to drive. Though no charge is made for these licenses, drivers amongst other things must demonstrate that they are physically fit to operate a car. One wonders what, according to the New Orleans standard, constitutes physical fitness, and who is to judge these qualifications. Suppose a deaf man from California, who had driven ten or fifteen years and covered a hundred thousand miles without serious mishap, should be declared unfit to drive and a menace to traffic in New Orleans. It would be a travesty on justice. More automobiles are operated in proportion to population in California than anywhere else, and for this reason, automobile men are organizing vehicular traffic as it is controlled and regulated in California as the standard to pattern after. This they believe should be the case, for where traffic is thickest, there the practical problems to be solved are most acute.



A Typical City Canyon—N. Y. C.



A Glimpse of Estes Park, Colorado

By Wm. E. V. Brogan, Rosemont, Pa.

PUBLIC OPINION

By Dr. J. H. Cloud



THE JANUARY issue of this department contained editorial comment reflecting the quite general sentiment concerning the presence of committee names on the Gallaudet replica pedestal at Hartford unveiled last September. Without exception the comment has been unfavorable to the action of the committee in having their names thus inscribed. The following are some of the pointed extracts:

Minnesota Companion: "The deaf people of the country erected the monument to perpetuate the revered memory of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, not that of the committee. For the latter to have their names inscribed on the monument was, we think, an assumption of authority not contemplated by the body that appointed them."

This view point is concurred in by other papers, the *North Dakota Banner* and *Deaf Mississippian* among them.

The Iowa Hawkeye: "We cannot agree to a perversion of part of the Monument Fund and a cheapening of the replica by forcing it to perpetuate the memory of the committee."

The Michigan Mirror: "To the deaf of Michigan who contributed to the fund that made the statue possible it would have been more satisfactory if, along with the name of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, something indicating that it was presented to the American School for the Deaf by The National Association of the Deaf had been inscribed on the pedestal, and stop there."

The Alabama Messenger: "Whether the committee in charge of the Hartford replica had a precedent for its action or not, good taste demands that all superfluous names be left off such a memorial."

Our contention has always been that the replica was intended as a memorial to Gallaudet and to no one else. The accident of office at the completion of the fund affords no justification for the members of the committee to have their names inscribed on the pedestal.

At the Washington convention in 1889 there was a run of criticism over the presence of committee names on the pedestal of the original Gallaudet statue. I do not recall that it figured in the official proceedings or that there was any formal order that the names be eliminated. In view of the prevailing sentiment such an order did not appear to be necessary. It was well understood, however, that the committee had taken cognizance of the criticism and would have their names removed. We were off to Europe to attend the De l'Epee congress immediately after the adjournment of the Washington convention and supposed that the matter would be duly attended to, but to our great surprise it never was.

Thinking that Mr. R. P. MacGregor, the orator of the day at the unveiling of the original Gallaudet statue at the Washington convention, the most wide awake and alert of the hundreds in attendance on that auspicious occasion, might have something to say on the subject, I wrote him recently and received the following reply:

Friend Cloud:

"Documentary proof" that the obnoxious inscriptions you refer to was ordered off the document I do not think exists because the committee supervising the erection of the monument acted without specific instructions and decided for themselves what should or should not go on the pedestal. Being human, just like you and I, they decided they were entitled to a little reflected glory and put their names on, quite modestly in the rear. But having the power to put on they had the power to take off without any "documentary proof" being in evidence and that (the decision to erase the names) is just what happened. I took part in the controversy and was against the inscriptions in so far as the names of the committee was concerned. My impression was that THEY decided to remove their names and the controversy dropped without any "documentary proof." How it happened they failed to have the obnoxious names removed I do not know. But when it was announced later that the names were still there I was so surprised that I did not believe it. Thought there must have been some mistake. So I wrote to a friend at the college to take a look and was much surprised when he sent me an exact copy of what was there—the obnoxious names. I conclude that the community who must use a pad and pencil always with people Dr. Draper announced, but did not designate WHO should do the deed, and, after separating thought no more of it. It is another illustration in saying "What is everybody's business is no body's business." They ordered the inscriptions off all right but failed to say WHO should superintend the job and that is all there to say today. The committee is dead and it is up to the association at some future meeting, to order the inscriptions erased on both the Washington and Hartford monuments.

Yours fraternally,
R. P. MACGREGOR.

A prominent Editor wrote me as follows:

It is a noticeable fact that all of the papers for the deaf have commented on the subject of your article in the *WORKER* have taken the same view of the matter—that the names of the committee are decidedly out of place on the Gallaudet monument replica. If there is one of them that holds the opposite view, it hasn't the courage to speak out loud enough to be heard. But, although you have worked up some sentiment among the deaf for removal of the names of the committee, getting that sentiment acted upon will be another matter. You may have to take a sledge hammer and knock the names off yourself if you want it done, judging from the way the sentiment of the deaf in the matter was disregarded previously. Well, we are with you, anyhow, whatever you do about it.

Names on the pedestals can be scientifically obliterated "without leaving any trace." For the rear of the pedestal of the Hartford replica the following wording is suggested:



"The Sentinel"

By Aug P. Herdtfelder, Romney, W. Va.

PRESENTED
TO THE
AMERICAN SCHOOL
SEPT. 7, 1925.

For the Washington statue pedestal:

PRESENTED TO THE
NATIONAL DEAF-MUTE COLLEGE
BY THE
NATIONAL ASSOCIATION
OF THE DEAF
JUNE 26, 1889.

A NEW HOME FOR THE GALLAUDET SCHOOL

Perhaps the most expensive school building for the deaf is the new structure in St. Louis, Missouri, for the housing of the Gallaudet school. It is said to have cost six hundred thousand dollars.

Mr J. E. Barth, the father of a deaf child, was elected some time ago on the Board of Education. For many years he was President of the Gallaudet's Patron Association. His interest in the education of deaf children is very great and has found its highest expression in this new building.

The conflict between the friends of the deaf in that city has been very bitter for quite a while. This gave rise to the numerous newspaper articles, which advertised the deaf and the education of the deaf and the people of that great city evidently decided to do a fine thing for the deaf children.

It was a great piece of publicity whether so intended or not. Mr. Barth deserves unstinted praise for his great work and the people of St. Louis are to be greatly congratulated on their beautiful spirit toward the deaf children.

Long may this school live in peace and for the advancement of the deaf.—Dr. J. W. Jones in the *Ohio Chronicle*.

Nothing succeeds like success. Time was, and not so very long ago either, when Dr. Jones held up his editorial hands in evident disapproval over the "discussion of irreconcilable differences," and referred to St. Louis in a manner not altogether complimentary as being "the only

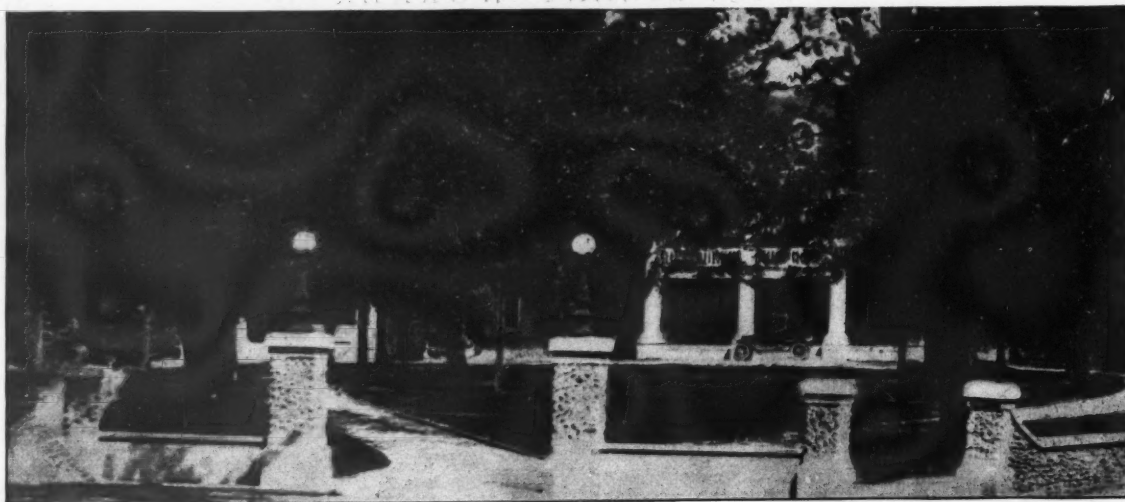
active place." If anything the visit Dr. Jones made to St. Louis a short time previously, under "progressive oral" auspices, added fuel to the discussion and impetus to the activity. The discussion has proceeded with increased vigor and the activity has become greatly intensified and lo! and behold, a school building that leads all the rest is rising up to meet Dr. Jones' admiring gaze. The contract price of the school building is \$311,231.00. This does not include ground and equipment.

The illustrated write-up of the new Gallaudet which appeared in the February SILENT WORKER attracted general notice as may be inferred from the following clippings:

The Gallaudet School for the Deaf of St. Louis is to have a new \$300,000 building to accommodate two hundred pupils. It will be ready for occupancy in a year. This illustrates the remarkable growth of a day school for the deaf. It was for many years under the able principalship of Rev. Dr. J. H. Cloud. Since he relinquished his position to devote his whole time to his pastoral duties, there has arisen some dissensions as to the policy of the school. Dr. Cloud himself still takes deep interest in the welfare of the school and is always ready to defend its cause. The oral and manual methods will be used at the new school as heretofore.—*North Dakota Banner*.

The St. Louis Day School for the Deaf is to have a new home,—a \$300,000. building capable of accommodating two hundred pupils. This is the school of which Dr. James H. Cloud was for so many years the able head. Since the announcement of this fine new building is to be erected there has been a great deal of discussion over the method of instruction to be used, when the plant is completed. The school has always used the combined system heretofore, but the friends of the oral method are trying to get control. A lively newspaper controversy has been going on for sometime.—*The Kentucky Standard*.

The Gallaudet School for the Deaf of St. Louis is to have a new \$300,000 building in the near future. For many years this day school was under the able principalship of Rev. Dr. J. H. Cloud, who is now devoting his entire time to pastoral



Main Entrance of the W. Va. State School for the Deaf

By August P. Herdtfelder, Romney, W. Va.

duties. The policy of the new school will be as it has been in the past; a combined school where the children are taught both by the oral and manual methods.—*The Lone Star*.

The February SILENT WORKER contains a notable feature in an article entitled, "The New Gallaudet School, St. Louis," by Dr. James H. Cloud former principal of the school. From the description of the school given in the article its fine modern building, the last word in school architecture, will probably be superior to any other building of its kind in the entire country, its cost being estimated at \$300,000. The erection of this new building is largely complementary to Dr. Cloud's many years of labor for the Gallaudet School as its principal.—*The Alabama Messenger*.

The new Gallaudet Day School at St. Louis will be a beauty if it looks, when completed, anything like the picture in the SILENT WORKER.—*The Silent Hoosier*.

The Catholic Deaf-Mute of New York laments the fact that the National Association of the Deaf is not pushing the De l'Epee project as it should. About six thousand dollars has already been collected and it is to be regretted the collection has not been pushed on with more vigor and finished and closed long ere this. However, we cannot be persuaded to believe that this seeming lack of interest is due to the fact that the good Abbe was a Catholic priest. Wasn't Columbus a Catholic? If he was how does one account for Columbus Day in America? Just now the world irrespective of religious beliefs is bestowed with grief at the death of the primate of Belgium, Cardinal Mercier. The world judges the Cardinal by his good deeds which were great sacrifice for his country and his faith. We believe the deaf appreciate the invaluable heritage the Abbe de l'Epee left them and the six thousand dollars they have given for a memorial to him show it. The slowness of the canvass is undoubtedly due to other causes. The writer collected for the North Dakota and subsequently he passed around the subscription paper at the convention of Western Canada, held at Winnipeg which gave liberally. Not a single individual at either place asked what the religious beliefs of the man they were to honor with a memorial were.—*North Dakota Banner*.

The *Banner* editor truly says that "The slowness of the canvas is undoubtedly due to other causes." One cause seems to have been what amounts to the practical and unnecessary side-tracking of the De l'Epee Statue Fund during the past two years or so in favor of the Hartford Gallaudet Statue Replica Fund resulting in loss of interest and momentum to the De l'Epee Fund. This was attempted back in 1914 while I was chairman of the De l'Epee Memorial Committee, but I would have none of it and Mr. J. C. Howard, then president of the

N. A. D., sustained me. Another cause has been the attitude of certain influential Roman Catholics themselves over fearful lest the proposed memorial may not show De l'Epee as a priest and are holding back their co-operation and contributions until all their fears on that score have been removed. In this connection we venture to introduce some hitherto unpublished correspondence pertinent to the subject:

2606 Virginia Avenue,
St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 16, 1916.

The Rev. H. J. Waldhaus,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Dear Sir:—

Our mutual friend, Mr. Anton Schroeder of St. Paul, has referred to me your letter in which you say that—

"The Catholic Clergy interested in the Deaf are also very much interested in the De l'Epee Statue and are willing to do their share to finance it provided the statue is made true to Catholicity and the times. At the Deaf-Mute Conference in your city in 1915 serious objections were brought against the model for the statue which had been submitted and they called a halt on Catholic contributions until such time as we are assured that the statue will be made in accord with the requirements mentioned above."

As one who has been actively identified with the De l'Epee Memorial movement since its inception until now I beg to say that at no time has any model, illustration, or communication bearing on the same been submitted to the Committee having the matter in charge. In May, 1913, Mr. Douglas Tilden published in the SILENT WORKER an illustration of his model of a statue of De l'Epee with a statement concerning its basic features. That is the extent of the Committee's knowledge concerning it.

You may rest assured that the finally accepted design of the statue will be entirely satisfactory to Catholics and to other contributors as well.

At the present time the statue is far from complete. The energies of the Committee have been directed towards the increase of the fund. Such details as cost, location and design will be taken up in the due time. The Committee hopes that Catholics and others will give to the fund their renewed, increased, and continued assistance.

Some years ago I visited Paris and was much interested and favorably impressed with the statue of De l'Epee on the grounds of Parent Institution. It occurred to me that a replica of the statue might give very general satisfaction and at the same time cost much less than an original work. At my suggestion the late Father McCarthy was about to take up the matter with the proper persons in France simply to learn the

view point and probably the cost, but the war broke out before he could do so. The matter has been dropped at last for the time being. Father McCarthy favored an original design with which we all agreed provided we could get the needed amount, which, in my judgment, must be at least \$30,000. With the project meeting with such popular approval \$50,000 should be the goal.

By this mail I am sending a copy of this letter to Father Gerend.

Very truly yours,
JAMES H. CLOUD,
Chairman De l'Epee Memorial
Statue Fund Committee.

In reply to the foregoing in due time I received the following:

St. Rita School for the Deaf,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Mr. James H. Cloud,
St. Louis, Mo.
Dear Sir:—

I have received your letter of November 16. Your promise that the statue will be entirely satisfactory to Catholics sounds very good, and you personally may have every intention of carrying it out. However, I cannot help thinking about the promise made to the Abbe regarding the religion of Clerc which was so unscrupulously broken.

Sincerely yours,
HENRY J. WALDHAUS.

Since Father Waldhaus has injected the religion of Clerc into the discussion, and in a manner at all calculated to add to the enthusiasm on the part of Protestants in their desire to do honor to a benefactor who happened to be a Roman Catholic, we venture to say that the religion of Clerc, whatever it was originally, was a matter over which neither Sicard nor Gallaudet had any control that they should enter into any agreement on the subject. Clerc was a man of mature judgment and ripe intelligence when he left France for America and was fully competent to decide the matter for himself. His decision was his own and has nothing whatever to do with the De l'Epee memorial project.

Not so very long ago Dr. J. W. Jones, Superintendent of the Ohio School for the Deaf, published a book bearing the title of "The Education of Robert, a Deaf Boy," giving an imaginary composite experience of a normal deaf child entering the State School at a proper age and reaping the full benefit of the course. Dr. Jones' request for a candid expression of opinion as to the merits of the book met with numerous and varied responses judging from letters published in the *Ohio Chronicle*. Educators of successful experience and liberal views give the book their unqualified endorsement. Radicals who would close to the deaf all avenues of instruction save the narrow, restricted, single oral method which they personally favor, express their disapproval of any scheme of education, however successful, which gives a place to the language of conventional signs. At the State School Robert acquired commendable speech and lip reading ability and an education which enabled him to enter upon and successfully complete a college course. He qualified for participation in two worlds—the hearing and the deaf—finding happiness in both. This is in marked contrast with the composite resultant of the exclusively orally taught, who, as the years pass by, draw more and more within themselves, and, as an oral graduate puts it, face the melancholy future with a "too darn lonesome" feeling.

As to whether Dr. Jones' book should be placed in the hands of parents of deaf children Mrs. Anna C. Hurd of the Rhode Island School writes:

Wait until the deaf child reaches the years of discretion, and leaves school, and let him decide whether he will mingle with

the hearing and speaking world on the same footing in business and social life or whether he will become one of the small community who must use a pad and pencil always with people outside of this circle, and a language understood only by this circle within it.

"On the same footing with the hearing and speaking world" or restricted to the "use of pad and pencil" is pure undiluted nonsense contradicted by thousands whose educational training has been similar to Robert's. The trouble with these radicals is that they do not know the deaf after they have left school. To them the deaf are so many laboratory subjects to be drilled primarily in the mechanism of speech, which to many is of doubtful value and to others none whatever, with the essentials of education regulated well in the rear.

There is no need of a deaf person undertaking the laborious, tedious, almost excruciating process of acquiring his higher education in a college for the hearing. Gallaudet College in Washington, D. C., is supported by the national government for the express purpose of overcoming the handicap of the deaf in gaining such education. It affords them an academic course almost free of charge and some technical courses. It is earnestly hoped that Gallaudet college will eventually obtain sufficient funds to enlarge upon its professional and technical courses and become a university in reality.—*The Minnesota Companion*.

The foregoing clipping is very much to the point. A prominent deaf graduate of a leading state university remarked to me not so long ago that if he had to do it all over again he would prefer to go to Gallaudet College. A post graduate course having a special objective in view taken at some university after graduation from Gallaudet would be more in keeping with rational procedure than "to grunt and sweat" along the educational pathway constructed especially for those able to hear. Schools where graduates are discouraged from entering Gallaudet, happily very few in number, and encouraged to go directly to some institution for the higher education of hearing youth worship a fetish the chief component of which is vanity.



Thomas, seventh son of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Chandler
Knoxville, Tenn. The son is five years old.

WITH THE SILENT WORKERS

By Alexander L. Pach



AS I AM not favored with the *Illinois Advance*, it was through the *Alabama Messenger* that I came across the following: "Managing Officer O. C. Smith proposes to send the Illinois School band to Washington, D. C., on the occasion of the national convention of the deaf in the Capital city in August.

This is a big proposition, but Col. Smith feels that the pilgrimage will be of inestimable value to the members of the band, will rebound to the benefit of the school, will give extreme pleasure to the deaf residents of Illinois and to their numerous friends and at the same time will be highly appreciated by the deaf the country over.

Sending the band to Washington is a big undertaking from the financial point of view, and, while the school has no funds available for the purpose, it is hoped that friends may come to the front with the support for the undertaking.

The managing officer will be pleased to hear from those disposed to help underwrite the proposed pilgrimage.—*The Illinois Advance*.

I have no doubt that my good friend Col. Smith's intentions are of the best, but after the heavy dose of Bandophobia we had at Atlanta in 1923, and at St. Paul in 1924, I should think we ought to be satiated with this bit of inconsistent idiocy. For Heaven's sake, why turn a convention of deaf people into a make-believe show that only emphasizes, to the most of us deaf people, that music is NOT FOR US? Music plays no part in our lives, and we are inured to doing without its soothing joys, so why hammer it home to us at a joyful convention and befuddle the hearing people who think us the dumber and the denser because of the misleading presence of a band made up of hearing boys! They are hearing boys, tho' the degrees of hearing vary. It is not a meeting of hard of hearing people, but, ostensibly of the totally deaf who work and live and die in a world of their own, and a world in which music plays absolutely no part.

Another bad feature is in the begging appeal, and though his appeal is phrased in the honeyed term, "Will be pleased to hear from those disposed to help underwrite this pilgrimage," the plain United States of that is charity, please, to send hard of hearing boys to Washington, D. C., to provide syncopated jazz, etc., that benefit those in attendance not at all, and which is as absurd as would be showing movie pictures to an audience of totally blind people.

Perhaps the day may come when Prof. Gault's experiments and researches enable us to hear through the sense of touch, and then the presence of a band will mean something to us who hear not. Until then, this band thing for deaf people is just so much bunk, bull and bluff, for while the personal popularity of Col. Smith may enable him to send his boys to Washington, it will not mean anything to those of us who are paying good money to go to Washington and work and plan for betterments that will make this a better and easier world for

deaf people to live in. We have our problems aplenty, and the scant thrill that comes to us through sitting near enough to an orchestra or a band to feel some of the vibrations which at best are only sounds, not rhythm, and not music, can be had right at our homes. No totally deaf person can be a musician, though there might be here and there some individual who, long after deafness, could still perform on some musical instrument, just as there are white blackbirds. I know, for years after I became deaf I could play, after a fashion, many of the popular tunes of my hearing days, on the piano.

I hope to see Col. Smith and Mr. Fancher both in Washington this summer, and for that matter too, there are a nice lot of boys in the band, and I'd like to see them all again, but so far as I am concerned, and so far as the problems of deaf men and women are concerned, they will do us more good and far less harm, if they leave their musical instruments at home.

Miss Mary Jim Crump and some other wonderfully graceful signists who have publicly declaimed "Comin' Through the Rye," will have to revise their signs if they want to be strictly truthful, for while at the Rivoli Theatre here in New York last week, a combination that wove in a movie portrayal with orchestral accompaniment illustrated the "Famous Songs of Scotland," and through witnessing it I learned that the "Rye" that "If a body 'gin a body comin' through," is not, as has usually been thought, a field of growing wheat, but had to do with fording the River Rye in Scotland, where the lassie meeting the laddie paid the forfeit. There were four well informed persons in my party and it was news to all of them.

Any one with proper motives can have names and addresses of those concerned, if and when interested. For the sake of brevity, it will all be told in fewest possible words. A gentleman who happens to be a learned M.D. lives in a small town where one of our great schools for the deaf is located, and because of his great interest in school, officers and pupils, was elected a trustee of the school. Fifteen years ago he was sent on a tour of investigation of other schools, and was charmed by what he was shown at a great school where the oral method prevails, and on his return he signed the recommendation to have his home school oralized. And it was done. He has been in personal touch with pupils and graduates all the years since, and he knew the graduates in other days when it was one of the best of the combined schools and today his opinion is summed up in: "I have come to the conclusion that this (the present) way is a poor way of educating the deaf, and is a waste of time, energy and money. The standard of the school has gone down." This trustee knows the deaf. Few of them ever do, and I am writing this without adding comment of my own, other than to

say I believe, after forty-six years' experience as a deaf man, and a more or less observant deaf man, that it is as much of a crime to waste time teaching some deaf people to read the lips and to speak as it is not to teach some deaf people these things, and who will profit can easily be determined in the very early years. The combined method embraces this while the pure oral method claims that all canaries sing while nature refutes this incontestably.

This is most always a hard world for people to live in. It is a much harder world for deaf people, naturally. The school problem then becomes one merely of fitting the deaf child to live usefully and happily.

Frequently heads of schools give as a reason for pure oral educating as being the insistent demand of the parents. Well, what is more natural? And what is more absurd? In the face of the calamity of deafness and dumbness what is more natural than for the parents to want that their child should speak and read the lips? If the school head will take the parents into a class room and let the parents hear some of the attempts at speech by children who have never heard, I'll venture the parents will change their minds and rather than have to live and hear the awful sounds they will be glad to waive their requests for speech. Just one deaf-mute came into my life in the seventeen years that I could hear and I will remember his piglike squeals long after I have forgotten the beautiful music of Gounod's "Faust" or "La Fille De Madame Angot," both of which I heard the same year in which I lost my hearing. And I knew the voice of one of the sweetest women that ever lived, who became deaf at six, yet retained her speech and was such a wonderful lip reader that she completed the public school course with us hearing students, and stood way above us all. Her voice, though well modulated and far from disagreeable, was yet uncanny.

Just because it is wonderfully apropos, not so long ago a scientist among us, a deaf man who has retained his speech, and reads the lips of his associates in business and it is a big business, wrote some facts having to do with lip reading, which he first learned from his mother and aunt, who were so devoted to him that they decided to instill it in him. Then he went through the pure oral mill, and from there to college. If any one person on earth could speak by the card, surely it was this man with half a century's golden experience. Yet when one of our leading educators read the observations his comment was: "Evidently the conclusion of some one who does not know what he is talking about!"

I defy you to beat that.

Last month we tried to tell how the breaks of the types proved the total depravity of inanimate things, and instanced Mr. Kelly Stevens trying to tell of an artist reproducing his subjects with unerring skill, only to have the compositor make it erring skill, which of course upset the whole sense, but even in trying to tell it the compositor ballé up my paragraph till it was jumbled up worse than the error it essayed to call attention to. What's the use?

As has been told in print, when the White Star's crack ship, "Adriatic" or rather third of the cracks, since the "Majestic" and "Homer" are larger, sailed on February 25th, at midnight, she carried four eminent New Yorkers on the cruise, which touched all principal countries on the Mediterranean Sea, and included a trip down the Nile, and to the Holy Land. The tourists were Messrs. E. A. Hodgson, E. Souweine, S. J. Fogarty and H. C. Kohlman.

The midnight sailing, which has become the fashion in New York, enables many friends to bid bon voyage who could not otherwise get away, but the reason for this paragraph is that familiarity the English and Scotch have with the double hand alphabet. As soon as the voyagers reached their staterooms, the ship's chief surgeon saw that the party were deaf and came up and spelled on his fingers that he was glad he could use the alphabet and hoped to be of service, and as soon as he left the room steward came up and showed that he, too, could use the alphabet, and two of the women stewards were observed polishing up their knowledge in this direction.

Some one sent me a clipping that tells of a talk made to a body of clergymen by the head of a famed school for the deaf. Of course he could have told the assemblage how the deaf surmount their obstacles. How they do learn and enter colleges, and become professional men, making their marks in journalism, chemistry, the ministry, pedagogy, etc., etc., not forgetting the hundreds of skilled workers in the printing industry where many are valued proofreaders, compositors, bank men and the like; instead that gentleman regaled his audience with old stories that were told at the meeting of the Speech Association in Philadelphia in 1896, the oddest of which was one about the college freshman making a call on a city girl, and when the maid told him, in writing, that he should make himself at home, he misunderstood and took his leave. Dr. Bell told the story, but not with the intention of belittling the deaf, but as an odd though true happening. Another thing he told was the story of the little child who got a letter from home telling her that her brother was "tickled to death" with the fountain pen he got as a gift, and the child, not being familiar with the expression thought that her brother had died. I do not think this so far fetched, and her alarm was only natural.

Then he went on to tell of misconceptions deaf children had when they first came to school as to the why and wherefore of the stars, rain, thunder, etc., and that they did not know what was intended when they saw others at prayer. All children learn these things sooner or later, and it is not to the deaf child's discredit that they are not cleared up till school years teach him, so the story of the principal's talk amazes one, and brings forcibly to mind the wish that we might be saved from our friends.

It was not so in the olden days. The Gallaudets, Peets, Fays, Hotchkisses, Connors, Clarkes, Jenkins, Curriers, and others, did not put our faults forward to make freaks of us, but instead dwelt on the brighter side of the lives of the deaf children and detailed with pride, that though children were born deaf and dumb they could be taught to be valuable and useful citizens and fill honorable roles in the community.

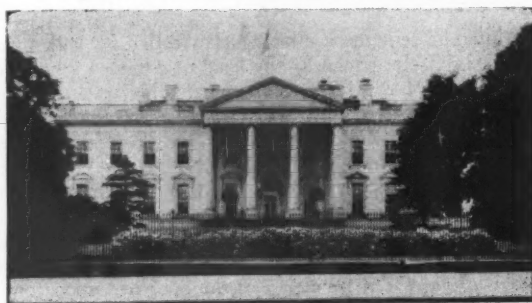
As another view of this drab picture that the spectacle of the head of the school made of deaf children, I could point out several instances where the deaf child was the only one of the family handicapped, and the deaf child grew to manhood the best educated in his family, and the most self reliant, and when aged parents were no longer able to work, and in need of a home, many times the deaf member of the family contributed the means that enabled the parents to live in their own home, and the sole deaf child's money gave them the good things of life, where hearing brothers and sisters let the whole load fall on the deaf man's shoulders.

I tried to find some solace in the newspaper story that might tend to soften matters for the school head quoted, through possible cub, or fool reporter's carelessness, but there was no room for that possible solution.

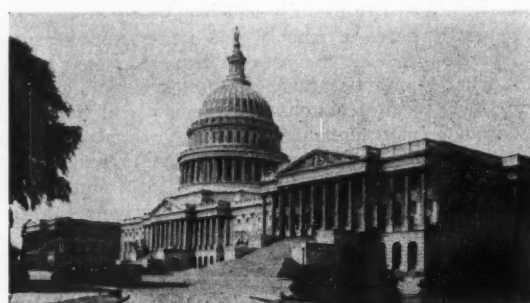
WASHINGTON-1926 N.A.D. CONVENTION

August 9-14, 1926

Photographs by Henry J. Pulver



White House



U. S. Capitol

WE PRESENT THE OTHER CHEEK



INCE the appearance in the April issue of the *SILENT WORKER* of an article by the esteemed George William Veditz (of Colorado,) entitled "The Great Pulver-Washington—ahem," we have been assured by numerous friends, dear and otherwise that they were awaiting our reply with bated breath. We gather from the general trend of their remarks, that it is incumbent upon us, in return for Mr. Veditz' courtesies, to climb up on our hind laigs and pelt the aforesaid gentleman with a prize assortment of antiquated henfruit, brickbats and pre-Volstead hooch receptacles.

Very well!

Now, ladeez and gents gather round, whilst we rare up and say

NOTHING

(P.S. We dassn't rile Bro. Billyum; they say he packs a gun.)

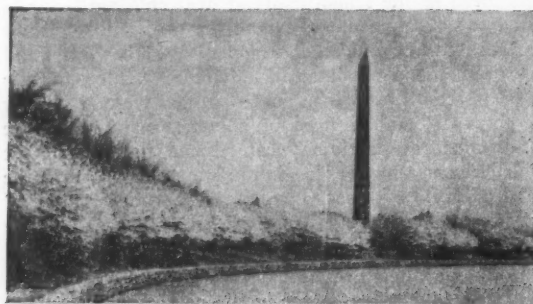
BUSINESS AS USUAL

Now that this matter is settled to our entire satisfaction, and no blood is spilt, we will return to the pleasant business of boosting the Washington Convention. This is something that transcends everything personal,—that renders personal squabbles petty and in-

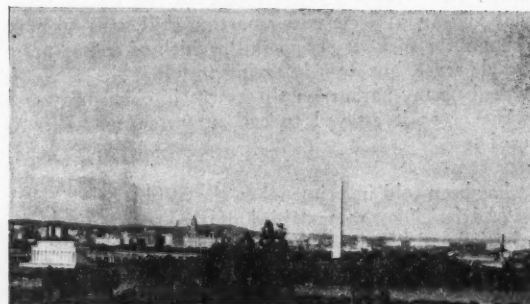
significant. For this Washington Convention is, we sincerely believe, going to be the biggest and best gathering of the Deaf that this old planet has ever beheld, in the course of its fifty million years. It is going to be of benefit to the Deaf everywhere, whether they attend it or not, and by the same token, it is going to be of benefit to Mr. Veditz and others who are opposing it. It will help the just and the unjust. It is going to make history!

TO JOHN DOE, ESQ.

For the benefit of certain bumptious and evidently self-seeking individuals who have sought to destroy the morals of the Deaf people of this land by undermining their loyalty in the good old N. A. D., we wish to interject the ancient remark that there has never been anything perfect in this vale of tears, since life first rose up from the steamy slime of the paleozoic mud-flats,—and in all probability there will never be anything perfect as long as time goes on. We use *perfect* in the sense of being satisfactory to everyone. Very likely, the N. A. D. is not perfect in any sense. Very likely, it has made mistakes, and will continue to make mistakes. As an organization, it merely reflects the weaknesses, as well as the good qualities of its members. The same can be said of the United States Government, or, in fact, of any organization composed of human beings. The present



Washington Monument—Cherry Blossom Time



City of Washington, from Arlington

administration of our Association is not composed of gods, but of men and as men, they do and must make mistakes, "the same as me and you." But if our bumptious friends will carefully review the history of previous administrations of the N. A. D., they will perhaps be surprised to discover that the present incumbents have fared no worse than their predecessors. In fact, we are willing to wager that they have, on the whole, fared better.

But supposing the roof be leaking,—leaking badly. What then? Shall we pull down the whole house about our ears? The N. A. D. is still a good old house. It is founded upon bedrock and built of timbers the finest. It has sheltered and aided us these forty years and more? It still has a great mission to perform in the world. If we pull it down now, WHAT will take its place? Who will fight our battles? Who will take up the torch and bear it on? Again, if the roof be leaking what then? Why not repair the roof?

And suppose everything is not done the way YOU want it done? Is the thing done wrong for that reason? Is there anyone in this world who does everything precisely the same as you do it? And yet, somehow, most things happen to be done surprisingly right. After all, you must admit that

*"There are nine and sixty ways of composing tribal lays,
And every single one of them is right."*

And now we respectfully announce that
WASHINGTON HAS FAITH IN THE N. A. D.
WASHINGTON HAS FAITH IN PRESIDENT
ROBERTS.

If YOU do not approve of the present policies of the N. A. D., why not come to Washington and air your grievances on the floor of the Convention, where they can openly be discussed, and acted upon if it be the will of the majority? You may be sure that there is no other way in which you can effect practical change in the administration or policies of the Association. So come out in the open and fight for what you believe in. It is the *honest, straight forward*, SENSIBLE thing to do.

For the enlightenment of certain others of factious disposition who would injure the attendance of the Washington Convention by drawing off prospective visitors, we hereby extend to them a cordial invitation to visit Washington from August 9th to 14th, inclusive. Here they will receive our answer,—three thousand living answers. And after they have slept a couple nights on the tables of Dinty Moore's pool emporium, they will wish, oh, how they will wish! that they had devoted their energies six months previous to securing hotel accommodations, instead of to vain catterwailing against the N. A. D. and the Convention.

While upon the matter of hotel accommodations, we desire to call your attention to the Chairman of the Hotel Committee, Mr. F. H. Hughes. His address is Kendall Green, N. E., Washington, D. C. He likes work. He revels in it. It is the breath of his life. So keep him busy. Tell him what you want, and he will get it for you if it is to be got. Line forms at the right. No crowding, please! But do it now; there may be no accommodations to be had for love or money later on.

Now for another instalment of our Guide-Book;

THE WHITE HOUSE

A house happily named! Gleaming in white from top to bottom. A treasury of patriotic association! The official representative of the American home!

The prevailing characteristic of the White House is a stately simplicity. Whether from Pennsylvania Avenue one sees the columns of the portico but partly revealed thru the foliage of noble trees, or from the lawns in the rear catches a glimpse of the southern balcony with colonnade and winding stairways embowered in vines, the air is one of dignity and repose and from all aspects the White House is a perfect example of American colonial architecture.

It was the first public building erected at the seat of the new government. Washington, himself, selected the site, laid the cornerstone (Oct. 13, 1792) and lived to see the building completed. We seem to remember reading somewhere that the immortal George, in company with his wife, walked thru its empty rooms a few days before his death. John Adams was the first occupant in 1800.

Curiously enough, it was not till it was over a century old that the White House received its present popular name. Burned by the British under Ross in 1814, it was painted white when repaired, and this caused it to be called the White House, loyally, although it was officially termed The Executive Mansion. In 1904, Roosevelt officially conferred the name "White House" upon this home of the Presidents.

But ha' done! We see we will never make the grade with the space at our disposal. So instead of telling you more of the romance and beauty of the White House, we invite you all to come to Washington at the time of the N. A. D. Convention, and see it with your own eyes. It is a thing you will never forget.

Remember

August 9-14, 1926.

Washington.

HENRY J. PULVER,
Publicity Agent.



Miss Marie Corretti, a Star pupil and President
Girls' Christian Endeavor Society, of the Alabama
School for the Deaf

The Silent Worker

[Entered at the Post Office in Trenton as Second Class Matter]

ALVIN E. POPE Editor.
GEORGE S. PORTER Associate Editor and Business Mgr.

The Silent Worker is published monthly from October to July inclusive by the New Jersey School for the Deaf under the auspices of the New Jersey State Board of Education. Except for editing and proof-reading, this magazine represents the work of the pupils of the printing department of the New Jersey School for the Deaf.

The Silent Worker is the product of authors, photographers, artists, photo-engravers, linotype operators, job compositors, pressmen and proof-readers, all of whom are deaf.

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Address all communications to

THE SILENT WORKER, Trenton, N. J.



Vol. 38

May, 1926

No. 8

Amateur Photographs

Scattered through the pages of this issue may be found a good many reproductions of photographs sent us by amateurs in response to our call. Out of all that we publish we are sanguine that a number of them possess real merit photographically and artistically. We have our private opinion as to who submitted the best pictures but prefer to let our readers be the judge. Send us your preference and we will print the list in the June issue.

The Florida Convention

The Florida State Association of the Deaf will hold its Fourth Triennial Convention in Miami this month—May, 19 to 23. A fine program has been mapped out and everything points toward a very successful convention.

Miami is in the tropics and is called "The Magic City." It is recovering from probably the biggest real-estate boom ever heard of. From an insignificant city of 40,000 less than two years ago its population has increased to nearly 250,000. It has a wonderful climate, the temperature averaging 70 degrees during the winter months. Of course it will be hotter during the summer but people who live there all the year round say it is no hotter than in New York.

We want the Floridans to become acquainted with THE SILENT WORKER. We have appointed Raymond H. Rou as our subscription agent and supplied him with a good many sample copies for distribution. If you are one of the Floridans who never saw a copy of THE SILENT WORKER before, a glance through its pages will satisfy you it is the magazine you will want to read. If you are in doubt ask O. W. Underhill. He will tell

you to SUBSCRIBE NOW. Look at the cover. It has a tropical touch such as you can see at Miami Beach, three miles across Biscayne Bay where are the magnificent hotels, the turquoise blue ocean that laps its shores, and the unmatched bathing grounds.

Florida is waking up and the deaf there are waking up with it.

Art Can Be Kind

Art, said to be the most exacting of all mistresses should be very kind to Douglas Tilden, the deaf and dumb California sculptor, who after a decade of voluntary exile from her domain has gone back to woo her in earnest.

It can be said for Tilden that his devotion to Art has ever been that of a chivalrous and valiant gentleman. He has loved her for herself, and not for the gaudy trappings and the luxuries which artists of different sorts contrive to acquire while posing as her ambassadors. He never attempted to borrow on her credit or to peddle, when in need, the beautiful objects he found in her palace halls.

When the World War befell and Art appeared futile and inane to the mad eyes of an illusioned world, Tilden bowed gravely and respectfully to her, bade her au revoir and went bravely to work as a machinist. It was no reason then for him to trade on her.

Since this silent worshiper of the beautiful is as good a craftsman as an artist, he was successful with his lathe. He lived frugally and saved money and all the while, for ten long years, his soul craved to be busy at creative expression.

Now he is building himself a studio in Berkeley—a place for revelations. East Bay hopes his dreams may be numerous and vivid, and that exacting Art will grant him the grace to make these dreams manifest and well worth while.

The above is from the Hearst press which presents the situation, conditions or reasons in an equitable or respectful manner, not evident in the hasty writings of reporters.

Richard P. Hobson, president of the International Narcotic Education Association, has invited Mr. Tilden to attend the international conference at Washington in July. Should he accept he will arrange his itinerary so as to include the N. A. D. convention.

Unstinted Praise

When a business man goes to the trouble to praise one of its employees it means something. It is a wise man who will sacrifice some of his precious money-making time to let his subordinates know that their services are appreciated. The subjoined letter is an example of the above thought.

THE PIKE GLASS STUDIOS
ROCHESTER, N. Y.,

March 23, 1926

The Silent Worker
Trenton, N. J.
Gentlemen:

Attention Mr. Geo. S. Porter

I believe it will be of interest to your readers to know that I have had a man by the name of James Dewitt in my employ for 20 years. He is a deaf-mute, but one of the best mechanics I have ever run across. He is versatile on every kind of work

and the fact that he concentrates solely on the work in hand explains his rapidity in the executing of it.

In my opinion a deaf-mute who applies himself to any of the trades or crafts must surely be successful, for they are not troubled with distractions as are those who can speak and hear. I trust you will find this testimonial of interest to you and beg to remain.

Very truly yours,
WM. J. PIKE.

Penmanship vs. Mentality

According to a recent Associated Press dispatch, Dr. William T. Root of the University of Pittsburgh School of Education is reported to have expressed the opinion that "as a rule those of low mentality are good hand-writers."

"Intelligent people," he said, "think twenty times faster than they can write, and therefore muscular movement is so far behind the activity of the brain that the result is a poor scrawl. A person low in mentality has nothing else to think about but the shaping of his letters."

While there may be a modicum of truth in his reasoning, we are not prepared to admit the justice of the conclusion he draws, viz., that a person's mentality is likely to be in inverse ratio to the quality of his handwriting. From our knowledge of people and their penmanship, we are unable to discover any relationship between their mentality and the quality of their handwriting. We know many persons of high mentality who are excellent penmen, and on the other hand, just as many who cannot decipher their own scribbles, and in our "ungraded" class, the number of poor writers about equals that of good writers.

For the rest, it is well to remember that good penmanship is an important asset to deaf people, for no matter by what method they have been educated, the majority of them will have to depend upon the pad and pencil for their means of communication with the hearing world. There is a peculiar psychological effect that the general appearance of a written note has upon the reader: a neat, easy legible hand almost invariably predisposes people favorably towards the writer. With the deaf, the handwriting might be compared to the clothes a man wears at his first interview.

Tree Surgery

Although trees have stood from time immemorial, the science of Tree Surgery has been known to the world only twenty-five years.

Its Silver Anniversary, coming this year, was celebrated with a Jubilee Banquet given by the Davey Tree Expert Company of Kent, Ohio. Because no hall in the home city was large enough, the banquet was staged in the State Armory at Akron, Ohio, nine miles away. Speakers were Will Rogers and Dr. Charles A. Eaton, former pastor of Rockefeller's Church.

The late John Davey, Father of Tree Surgery, first gave his message to the world in 1901 when he published a book entitled "The Tree Doctor." He had been

practicing the principles of Tree Surgery for several years and had demonstrated their correctness before publishing his book.

The origin of the company that was to bear his name was unique. Martin L. Davey, a son, who is now president of the company and congressman from the Fourteenth Ohio District, was then in school. He utilized his spare time to sell his father's book. At that time, the idea of organizing a business had occurred to no one. Several years passed, and with the book in the hands of a great many people numerous requests began to come in from readers asking the author to save their trees by the methods described in the book.

This idea then came to John Davey and his son, Martin L. Davey—why not sell the service instead of the book? Forming a partnership, father and son set out to do the impossible—to convince the general public that the tree is a living thing and that its ailments can be treated as human ailments are.

Against disheartening obstacles, they advanced far enough to warrant Martin L. Davey organizing The Davey Tree Expert Company of which he became general manager. For several years, the final outcome was in doubt. But the new idea finally took hold. In 1906 there were only ten field workers and a sales volume of \$12,000; last year sales reached nearly \$2,000,000 and this year, 700 tree surgeons are in the field.

The practice of Tree Surgery can be compared with dentistry. The Tree Surgeon excavates all decayed matter, disinfects and waterproofs the cavity, then fills it with concrete. The concrete is laid in sections to accommodate the strain of swaying in the wind. New bark grows at the edge of the filling and, in time, completely covers it.

The "Nads" are Invited

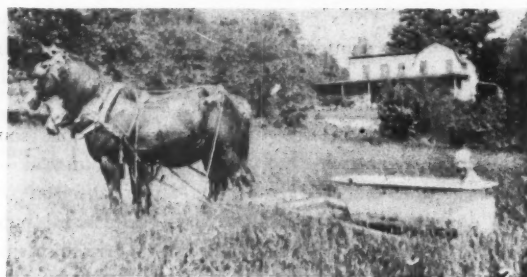
All members of the N. A. D. are invited to take advantage of the SILENT WORKER's subscription offer. Send us \$2.00 for ten months' subscription and we will pay your N. A. D. dues as long as you remain a subscriber. By doing so you save fifty cents a year and are relieved of the bother of attending to your dues.

Do not fail to secure or have mailed to your home address a copy of "A HAND-BOOK OF THE SIGN LANGUAGE of the DEAF," by Rev. J. W. Michaels, Missionary to the Deaf People, for the Home Mission Board, 204 Winne-Clughton Bldg, Atlanta, Ga. Prices:—Paper cover, 50 cents; Imitation leather \$1.00. Orders may be sent direct to the SILENT WORKER.

CAPABLE UNION PRINTERS WHO HAVE AN EYE ON THE FUTURE MAY LEARN SOMETHING TO THEIR ADVANTAGE BY GETTING IN TOUCH WITH J. H. MUELLER, 1013 E. KENTUCKY STREET, LOUISVILLE, KY.

Letters From Our Humorist

*Mr. Crutcher this month conducts a private Amateur
Photograph Contest*



Saturday Afternoon or The Pace That Kills

"First Prize"

*The sun shines bright on my old bald head
And the "Moonshine" makes me gay;
So, I load my tub on a two-hoss sled
And bathe in a field of hay!*

Mr. W. W. Beadell, the enterprising turkey, cranberry and newspaper man, of Arlington, N. J., sends in the above with the soul inspiring poem appended for our sober consideration. Mr. Beadell does not state where this was took, or who it is of—if you'll excuse the English, for, we're writing with a pencil made in Germany which hasn't become acclimated yet. However, we hardly think it is Mr. Beadell, himself, for we saw him in Alex Pach's studio with a full head of hair (Mr. B. had the hair, not the studio) no longer than four week ago. Rather, we are inclined to believe that the occupant of the tub is a gentleman whom we mentioned in our columns last month as having an orange orchard in the Catskills. Or, maybe it is Jay Cook Howard. Regardless of who it is, it takes first prize, and same—a paper of safety pins—has already been sent to Mr. Beadell, with our congratulations.

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Signs Seen in Mexico

Submitted by Gen. Villain

Shortly before he was assassinated our old friend, Genuine Villain, of Old Mexico, sent us this memory-

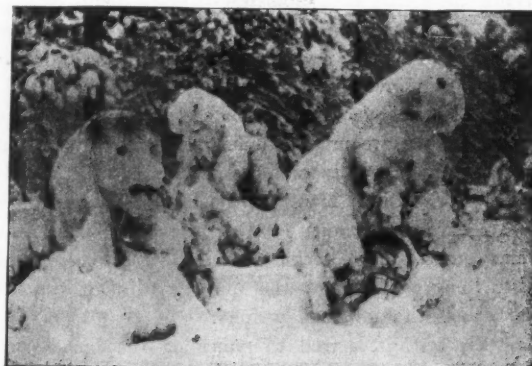
stirring masterpiece, with the following message appended: "Having a Grand Time, wish you wuz here!"

Rest his bones, he didn't wish it half as ardently as we did!

This was taken in Tia Juana, one of the Mexican border towns, and is a very popular rendezvous with the Americans as will be noticed by the preponderance of United States citizens of both colors in the foreground.

But, you ain't seen the crowds yet! You oughter see behind them swinging doors. They're all inside imbibing Old Crow, Old Taylor, Sunnybrook, etc., at only 15 cents a snifter. Three sighs, brother, for the land of th' free an' th' home of th' brave!

-0-



Down on the Swanee Ribber

Typical Florida scene in July. Taken near Pensacola and sent by wireless to the SILENT WORKER by Mr. Underhill. "Where is the river?" you ask.

You surely couldn't expect Mr. Underhill to send a river by wireless, could you?

-0-



In the Heart of Jersey City

Submitted by Mr. Henry Hester, better known to his intimate friends as "Piano Legs."

No, altho I confess the resemblance is startling, that is not Mr. Hester in the picture. Mr. Hester says, "I

dunno how that critter got in the picture. Most likely he has strayed over from Hoboken out of pure jealousy to blot out the view of our thriving town."

-0-



Ford Sterling's Understudy

Isn't he perfectly ravishing, girls?

We consider this one of the most remarkable emotional studies in facial expression ever snapped outside of Hollywood.

The California deaf, especially those in and about Santa Barbara, will readily recognize this sheik with Adonis-like features as their very own Mr. Theodore C. Mueller.

Now let us interpret these various expressions according to our own deductions. In justice to Mr. Mueller we will say that our deductions cannot always be relied upon to be absolutely correct. If we err in our conclusions we shall only be too glad to publicly apologize to Theo. To begin with, we should say that Theo. is seated in front of a drug store on a patent medicine box (Theo on the box, not the store). A taxi has just stopped directly across the street from where our hero is seated. The door opens and a beautiful young chicken with extremely short skirts alights. (a) Our hero registers animation. A passing colored lady of ample proportions pauses directly in front of our hero momentarily obstructing his view. (b) Our hero registers irritation. Colored lady passes on. Our hero sees chicken is coming across the street, directly toward him. (c) Our hero registers puzzled anticipation. Chicken has now crossed the street and hesitates in front of our hero as if about to address him. (d) Hero registers delighted realization—but he registers it a little too soon, for, just at that psychological moment a 200 pound sheik, whom the hero recognizes as an ex-prize fighter, comes out of the drugstore, tips his lid to the chicken and they saunter away, arm in arm, toward the movie. (e) Our hero registers damnation!

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Philadelphia on a Busy Day

Taken on the corner of Broad and Market Sts., Philadelphia, Pa. The building in the background is the Wissinoming Hall of the Mt. Airy School for the Deaf. "It was quite a job," averred Mr. James F.

Brady, who submitted this picture, "for me to lug the Hall down to Broad and Market in order to get it into the picture with our busiest corner, but it would have been even a bigger job to have lugged the corner up to the Hall, so I chose the line of least resistance.

We think Mr. Brady has earned second prize. Don't you?

The calflets? Uh, they are the pets of Mr. Brady's two little girls, Trecks and Specs.

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Signs used in the Southwest

Submitted by Ben V. Baca

Mr. Benito Vaseline Baca writes in his quaint insouciant manner that out in the great, wide open spaces of New Mexico where men are men and women go barefooted the year round, you will find they are not so slow at all, and sends the above picture to bear out his contention. Mr. Baca adds, and seems to really believe it, that N. M. is a glorious state!

Note:—Mr. Baca's home-town is immediately behind the sign.

The building in the background is the New Mexican School for the Dumb, from which Mr. Baca graduated with high honors.

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"Pete"

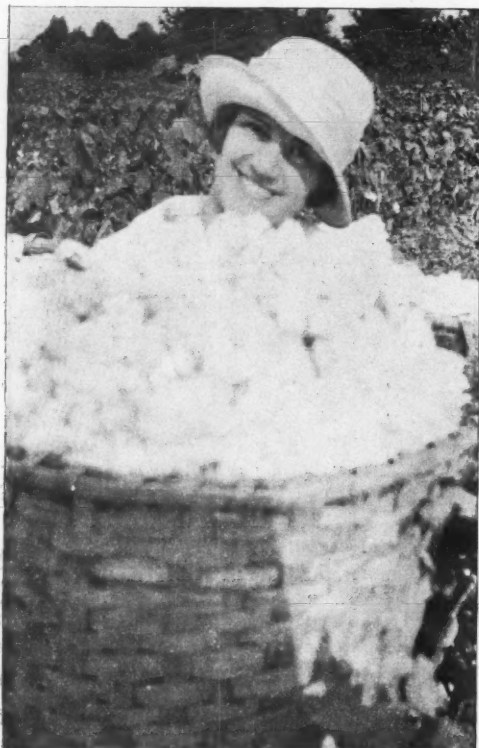
Submitted by John F. Sticht

Mr. John F. Sticht, of San Diego, Cal., sends us a picture of one of his pets. Mr. Sticht states that Pete is quite an adept at signs and the picture seems to bear

out his assertion. The average hearing person would take this for a very naughty sign, but the SILENT WORKER readers know very well that Pete is talking, or, rather, signing, about his, or somebody else's mother.

Pete originally came from the South Sea Islands and was presented to Mr. and Mrs. Sticht by a French sailor.

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A Ca'liny Cotton Picker

Reading from left to right are Mrs. Wesley Lauritsen, in a basket of cotton at her home in Honea, S. C. The beautiful cotton trees from which Mrs. W. L. picked this cotton can be discerned in the background. That cotton grows on trees will be news to most non-Southerners who hitherto thought cotton grew on sheep.



*A Ca'liny Cotton Ginner
By Wesley Lauritsen*

Reading from right to left are Mr. Wesley Lauritsen,

husband of the attractive picker, seated in his one-hoss power cotton gin, which picks up the cotton as he drives over the field and separates it from the boll weevils. This cotton orchard has matured somewhat earlier than the one his missus is in, as will be noticed by the bare trees, from which the ripened cotton has all fallen and completely covered the ground.

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Wall Street, N. Y. C.

Looking east from Broadway. In the center of the picture is seen one of Mr. Samuel Frankenheim's famous Wall St. bulls.

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Along the Klondike River

Taken by Mr. Herman Harper while prospecting for gold in Alaska last Christmas. Notice the gentlemen above Mr. Harper is too engrossed picking nuggets to turn around and pose. When a deaf gentleman won't pose for a picture he is very much engrossed, indeed. If you can't see the river that's your fault, not ours.

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Where Knighthood Ain't in Power

One of Mr. Troy E. Hill's Texas Longhorns arguing with his wife as to who is the boss. We're betting on the lady. A man has a wov of a chance being the boss of anything in Texas.

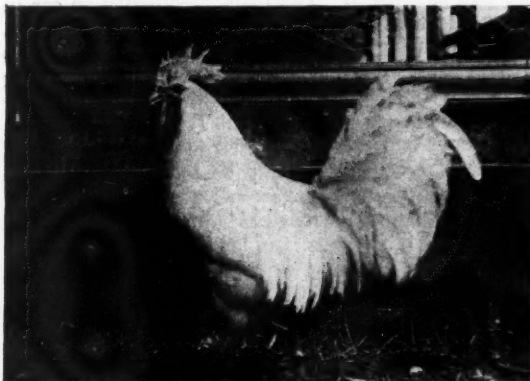
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Two Human Interrogation Points

The gentlemen who sent in this picture neglected to give their names, so we have no idea who they are, tho, perhaps, some of the readers may recognize them.

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A Demmycratic Rooster

Submitted by the Kannapel boys of Louisville, Ky.

"This rooster escaped from its iron cage one night last week," write the Kannapel boys, "and after killing and devouring a dog and several niggers en route, fetched up in front of the Seelbach Hotel in the heart of Louisville's shopping district, where it stood for several hours and made insulting remarks to all the ladies that passed. It required the combined efforts of eight Republican

policemen and the fire department to get it back to the Kannapel Poultry Farm in the Shawnee Park."

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When Knighthood Was in Flower-Garden

The aristocratic Southern gentleman who submitted this picture requested that his name and address be withheld from the clamorous curious public as international complications would undoubtedly ensue should certain foreign powers, namely: a German tailor, a Chinese laundryman and a Scotch landlady, learn of his present whereabouts. It might result in his being deported to Jersey on grounds of moral turpitude. However, any handsome young lady, or very wealthy old lady, who may become hopelessly infatuated with the above likeness may, by enclosing in her query to the editor, \$2.00 for a year's subscription to this magazine, obtain above aristocrat's address in strictest confidence, of course, as a premium. Send money, or express orders made payable to the SILENT WORKER and HURRY, girls, as the address may be changed at any minute.

Average watch has 175 different pieces for the baby to break. ,



Wilfred, 15 years old, third son, Helen, 14 years old, children of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Chandler, Knoxville, Tenn.

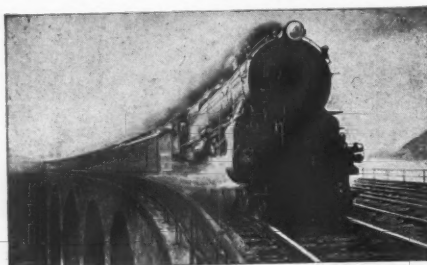


National Ass'n NADIO of the Deaf



Broadcasted From Station ME(agher)

Sizz-zipp!" Stand-by to "listen in,"
And grin your most engaging grin.
A hundred happy Western Nads
Shall ride the soft plush Pullman pads—
An all-day ride of endless fun
That ends, at eve, in Washington!



TAND-BY to "listen in;" Station ME (agher) broadcasting. Our "Nad Special" will leave Chicago Union Station at 8:15 Saturday night, August 7, 1926, arriving in Washington for the big triennial convention of the National Association of the Deaf, at 7 the following evening! Special train of Nads only.

W. E. Blachley, Division Passenger Agent of the Pennsylvania Railroad has agreed to give us as many bunched Pullmans as may be necessary, at 20 to 22 silents per Pullman, leaving Chicago. St. Louis also has a special reserved Pullman. These Pullmans will be coupled together at Pittsburgh. Leaving Pittsburgh at 9:25 Sunday morning, with two coaches, two diners, and an observation car added—we travel as a *Special Train*, immediately behind the regular train and on the same time schedule. (Illustrations to this article furnished by Agent Blachley).

I selected the Pennsylvania system for our official road from the West because of its superior "pick-ups." The B. & O. was recommended for superior scenery (of course the Pennsy people loyally deny their road can be excelled for scenery, or service, or anything else.) But if we took the B. & O. we would be unable to add from 50 to 100 more Nads at various points in Pennsylvania. And I know, from a careful study of "Gib's St. Paul Special" that a train-load of holiday-happy silents has little time for scenery. Everybody is too joyously busy renewing old friendships and making new ones. Especially so since Dan D. Cupid (himself, in person) travels with us on a pass.

Dan Cupid is cunning at Sleight-of-Hand,
He will gladden our happy Hand-talking band;
You may find, before little Dan C. departs,
He also is cunning at Sleight-of-Hearts.

Practically everyone who embarked on "Gibson's Special"—Chicago to St. Paul over the Burlington, July 4,

1924, agreed it was by far the brightest and best bit of that whole ill-starred convention. Just 213 silents made the trip. The Burlington's special representative accompanied the party, and personally saw to it that everything went smoothly.

"If you don't see what you want, ask for it," was his motto—but there was little or no asking, for the service was perfect. My idea of an ideal Paradise is an exclusive train-load of convention-bound silents!

"When I am dead, my dearest,
Sing no sad songs for me,"
Just put me on a train of Nads
That runs eternalee:
I'll bask in brains and beauty
Where none are cross nor gruff,
I want no higher heaven—
That's paradise enuff!

That was the first exclusive special train for the deaf in history. It opened the eyes of railroadmen to future possibilities, and there was keen competition for the 1927 special to Denver, but Gibson gave the contract to the Burlington because of its wonderful work on the St. Paul run. It remains to be seen whether our National Association of the Deaf will equal, or excel, the record made by that 1924 crowd of the other Society.

But "Gib's Special" was a revelation to us, as well as to the railroads. The two dining cars were well patronized by the 213 passengers. The lounging-observation car in the rear was the most popular place on the train—yes, there were drawing rooms where it was possible to discuss secret politics. There were four fine coaches also, making seven cars in all. We had free run of the train, smoking when and wherever we wanted. There was no extra charge of any kind, not even for use of the observation car. The spirit of happiness can only be likened to that of a New Year frolic—abas dull care and away with woe. Ask anybody who was lucky enough to be aboard, and they will tell you their life-ambition is to board another such "special."

This is your chance!

The Pennsy people have promised me every co-operation. They will print special menus for our party—such local interest items as, say, "Squab a la Schaub," "Rarebit de Roberts," "Cloud Consomme," etc. They will furnish a free observation car for the rear, out of Pittsburgh, and do everything to make this a never-to-be-forgotten adventure. And don't forget that this is our Presidential train, for we will have with us the great Arthur L. Roberts of Chicago—who himself appointed me to arrange all local details. It is your chance to personally observe, and talk with, the leader of our clan as he sallies forth to battle.

Those big bugs and us Noble Nads all jog along in glee,
Upon the chugging choo-choo cars we chortle merrilee;
We meet and chat as equals—all wig-wagging paws are glad
As Nads and pretty Nadettes whizz, choo-chooing, to the Nad.

Bill Schaub, 5917 Highland Av., St. Louis, Mo., is arranging for special Pullmans leaving St. Louis direct for Pittsburgh at 4, the afternoon of Saturday August 7—and arriving in Pittsburgh at 9 Sunday morning, the same time as the Chicago train. All evening and until after breakfast the two train-loads will be making friends with each other: then, leaving Pittsburgh as an exclusive special—with no “hearing folks” aboard except the train crew—will be enthusiastically making new friends and greeting old ones. All one happy family. At every city a few more deaf souls should clamber aboard, more happy faces to get acquainted with. We ought to have 175 to 200 passengers aboard when Washington is reached—I would not be overly surprised to see 250. The splendid scenery is all visible in daylight, and the capitol is reached with plenty of light left to hunt our quarters before the first informal assemblage in the lobby of the New Willard Hotel.

Conventioners from Wisconsin, St. Paul, Omaha, Denver and the Pacific Coast come by Chicago; those from Kansas City, Little Rock and the Southwest go via St. Louis. The Akron crowd proceeds direct to Pittsburgh, as our Special does not pass through Akron. The St. Louis cars pick up the Indianapolis and Columbus silents during the night—among them Rob Roy McGregor, the real founder of the N. A. D!

Train No. 154-54—“deaf section” remember—leaves Pittsburgh as a special (and separate) train, right behind the regular, or “hearing” train; and on the same timeschedule. The Chicago and St. Louis Pullmans will be coupled together, with observation car and dinners; and a coach or two will be added for benefit of Pennsylvania people who will thus be allowed to ride in a special Pullman train without having to pay Pullman fares. Yes, they can walk around all over the train, and are permitted to say “Good morning, Miss,” to the famous Chicago beauties without the formality of an introduction. (Such “conventions” may be overlooked at Conventions, you know.) If the ladies seem interested, you can cultivate their acquaintance by pointing out the scenery. We hit the world-famous Horseshoe Curve shortly before noon. “It is a wonderful engineering feat,” you should inform your fair companion—and then proceed to engineer her feet to a vacant seat. “Jack’s Narrows,” a gap through the beautiful Allegheny Mountains, and “The Packsaddle” are two more of the many beautiful and inspiring



“The Packsaddle”

views which may be fruitful topics of conversation by the young folks—and folks not so young. These glorious scenes of summer—adventure—the unknown—riding in a honest-to-goodness special train—a millionaire for a day”—boy, you’ll LIVE!

“Oh, maiden, see,” I did observe,
 “You’ve lovely curves like *Horseshoe Curve*.”
 “*Jack’s Narrows*-minded,” she shot back—
 Wow! What a *Sad(dled)* Punch she *Packed*!

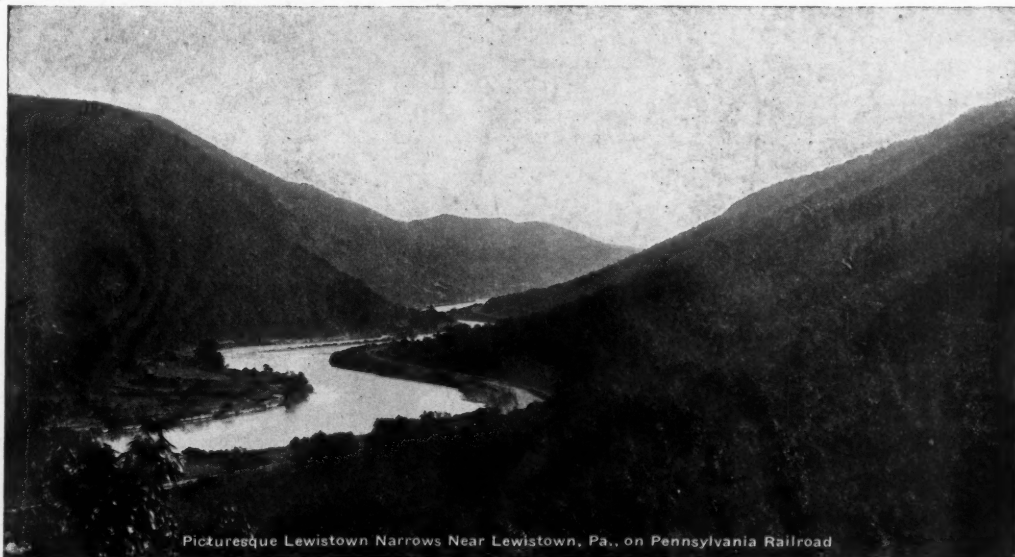
Pennsylvania people who do not live on the direct line between Pittsburgh and Washington are urged to ask their station agent how to connect with the Pennsy No. 154-54, at the nearest juncture, Sunday, August 8.

Above all, before handing over your silver dollars for a one-way ticket, be sure to ask the ticket-seller for a CERTIFICATE. Insist on one. If he pretends to be “dumb,” stick up for your rights. If he refuses to give you a written Certificate, get his name, and report to Alex Pach or myself in Washington. Remember that Certificate means you can come home for half-fare.

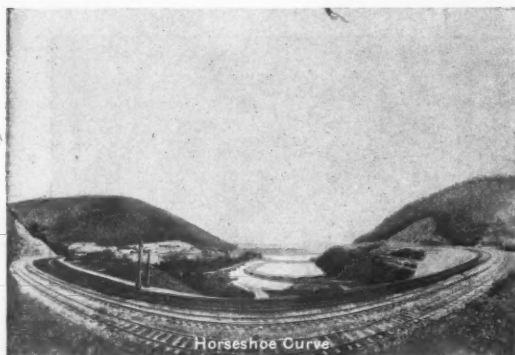
“NAD SPECIAL” SCHEDULE Pennsylvania Railroad, August 7-8, 1926

SCHAUB’S SLEEPER (Pullmans only)

Lv. St. Louis (No. 154)	Sat. 4:00 p. m.
Lv. Terre Haute	8:11 p. m.
Lv. Indianapolis	10:00 p. m.
Lv. Columbus	Sun. 4:00 a. m.
Ar. Pittsburgh	9.00 a. m.



Picturesque Lewistown Narrows Near Lewistown, Pa., on Pennsylvania Railroad



ROBERTS' RAMBLER
(Pullmans only)

Lv. Chicago (No. 54)	Sat. 8:15 p. m.
Lv. Ft. Wayne	11:38 p. m.
Lv. Canton	Sun. 6:01 a. m.
Ar. Pittsburgh	9:00 a. m.

NAD SPECIAL
(Pullmans and coaches)

Lv. Pittsburgh	Sun. 9:25 a. m.
(No. 154-54—second section)	

Lv. Altoona	12:10 p. m.
Ar. Harrisburg	2:57 p. m.
Lv. Harrisburg	3:45 p. m.
Lv. York	4:25 p. m.
Ar. Baltimore	6:04 p. m.
Ar. Washington	7:00 p. m.

Fare, Chicago to Washington, \$27.78. Pullmans: lower berth, \$8.25; upper \$6.60. Be sure to demand a Certificate when buying ticket, which will allow you half-fare on return trip. J. Frederick Meagher, 5627 Indiana av., Chicago, Ill., in charge of arrangements.

"Nads," Wing Your Way to Washington—August 9-14.

Only one more issue of this splendid magazine before fall. Only one more Nadio program broadcasted this spring. Therefore the outcome of the splendid celebration of the Silver Jubilee of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf must wait until the October issue. However, I have a few—a very few—photos ready of some of

the splendid young actresses who take part in "Wizzard" Wondra's vaudeville, May 30. Professional actresses always have plenty of photos on hand for gentlemen of the press, but amateurs—especially deaf amateurs—generally have nothing ready except excuses. That is why I am unable to give you an advance-peek at the whole two dozen or so. I am sending in what I have and asking good,



nice, kind, patient, lovable Publisher Porter to print them, if he can. But if he can't, then I hope he will run a blank page with nothing on it except this, in big black letters: "This Page is Full of First-class Excuses—the choicest collection of staple, fancy and assorted excuses you ever saw."

"Nads," Wing Your Way to Washington—August 9-14.

Lovely, lissom Edith Dumas Curran McCarthy is 23 or so, bright, blonde and breezy. A descendant of Alexander Dumas, the French author whose "Three Musketeers" and other novels will live forever, Edith combines all the charming graces of the French and Irish races. She has often had her pictures in the newspapers as a mannequin—displaying clothes in "style shows" or fashion exhibits, at leading modistes and theatres.

Edith has had experience on the professional stage,



"Hoar Frost and Snow."

By Gretchen Fahr, Oskaloose, Iowa.

Edith Curran McCarthy
Entertainer
Extraordinary
Demure, Deaf, Dainty

Silver Jubilee
May 29-30-31
Chicago
N. F. S. D.



as a dancer—being a graduate of the Pavley-Oukrainsky ballet school; so is in great demand for theatricals at Chicago's Silent Athletic Club. I fortunately signed her for my own act in Wondra's vaudeville performance during the Silver Jubilee of the N. F. S. D. at the Sac, May 29-30-31, 1926.

The *Chicago Herald and Examiner*—issue of July 29, 1925—featured her for Queen of the "Greater Movie Season;" in fact out of some 2500 photos submitted, Edith was picked as first. On the personal show-up, for official final judging, she was demoted to fourth prize—value \$35—because the first three winners were to be given a try-out in the movies. Movie people positively will not waste time on the deaf—as I personally ascertained in Universal City, Hollywood, in 1916. Edith was then included in the group photo of "Chicago's Eight Prettiest Girls." President Jones of the Melba Mfg. Co. was so much impressed by Edith's beauty—calling her "in a class by herself"—that he emphatically requested her to see him in three months (presumably to feature her picture in the Melba toilet preparations—cold creams, powders, etc.) However, a month later Mr. Jones suddenly died. So faded another golden opportunity for the deaf to gain glorious fame.

Edith is a product of the Chicago Ephpheta (Catholic) school; is an accomplished lip-reader; and is much brighter than average—in fact, she has written songs. (whether the songs are any good or not, at least none of the big music publishers are betting she will beat Irving Berlin but, then, Poe's "Raven" sold for only \$5.) As

a child, Edith was an invalid for eight years, gaining health and success through grit and high ambition. She is only one of the many very interesting people you will meet during the observance of the 25th birthday of the "frats" in Chicago, May 29-30-31.

"Neds," Wing Your Way to Washington—August 9-14.

That is all for tonight, folks. See you at your Super-Iodine set when I get on the air again next month. Au revoir, auf weidersehn, bon voyage—which means in plain English "So's your old man." Station ME(agher) signing-off.



Eastman Theatre Rochester, N. Y.
Presented to the University of Rochester by Mr. Eastman.
By Verne Barnett.



ATHLETICS

Sporting news of, by, and for the deaf will be welcomed by this department.

Edited by F. A. MOORE



Participants in Central States Basket Ball Tournament

Ohio Wins Central States Basket Ball Tourney

By H. G. NORRIS

IN 1925, when the Indiana School held the first Central States Deaf School Tourney with only four teams competing it started something which promises to keep going for many years, and it was held originally without the thought of ever having another event like it. However, the second tournament with the addition of two teams was held on February 26 and 27 of this year. Teams from Illinois, Michigan, Kentucky, Ohio and the Indiana schools competed for the trophy.

The tournament got under way early Friday evening with a game between the Illinois and Indiana girls' teams. The Indiana girls had little trouble in coming out on the long end of a 30 to 19 score. This game gives the Ohio girls the championship of the three states inasmuch as they defeated the Indiana girls about two weeks previous.

At seven-thirty the Indiana boys were all keyed up for an unknown quantity in the form of the Michigan quintette. Little had been heard about the Michigan team and the Indiana boys were just a little worried. The outcome of the game was not long in doubt, however the half ending 23 to 16 in favor of Indiana and the final score was 43 to 26.

At eight-thirty the champion Ohio team mixed with the boys from the Bluegrass, and inasmuch as this was Kentucky's first year at the game they made a very creditable showing, forcing Ohio to keep their star center in

throughout the game. The score at the final was 51 to 14 in Ohio's favor. In this game, as well as all others participated in, the Ohio crew depended largely on Carman's height for under the basket work. Carman tipped in quite a number in this game.

Saturday morning saw another session of the tourney begin. In the third game of the event the two winners Friday night, Indiana and Ohio, met to decide which should play in the final game Saturday night.

This game was hotly contested to the very end. Indiana crossed up the opposition when, instead of starting the regulars, the second stringers were allowed to start the game. It was the original intention of leaving them in the fray, but a few minutes, but they did so well against the Ohio crew that they were left in the game for all but two minutes of the first half. When taken out they were leading 17 to 11. The best the regulars could do in the last two minutes was to score one basket while Ohio duplicated the feat. The half ended 19 to 13 in favor of Indiana.

In the second half, the Indiana regulars had much difficulty in getting under way and the Ohioans constantly crept up on them and went into the lead during the last five minutes of the game with a 29 to 28 score. Something like a panic struck the Indiana players and Ohio scored seven more points in quick succession, which coupled with clever stalling won them the game.

Wisconsin and Illinois, the ones who drew the easy

side of the tournament play, were the next on the floor and Illinois duplicated their win of last year over Wisconsin. However, the game was closely contested and it was not until the final whistle that the game was decided. Illinois won by the score of 23 to 17. The half score was 14 to 5 in favor of Illinois. The second half comeback of the Wisconsin team put lots of fear into the hearts of the "Sucker" supporters. Guzzardo for Illinois and Wille for Wisconsin were the stars of the game.

The final game Saturday night, between Illinois and Ohio, was replete with thrills, although it was evident from the start that the Illinois team would have to "go some" to come out a winner over the Ohio quintette. The Ohio boys couldn't miss the basket while their opponents couldn't hit it. The clever floor work of Guzzardo and Baugh of the Illinois team was noticeable throughout the game.

After twenty minutes of nip and tuck playing, the half ended 18 to 11 in favor of Ohio, with Carman of Ohio responsible for eight of his team's points.

The second half was a little closer, the Illinois players seemingly had solved a part of the Ohio enigma, and scored eight points while Ohio scored eleven. Both teams were going at top speed when the final gun cracked and gave the victory to Ohio 29 to 19.

A number of consolation games were played between the losers of the first and second round games. A detailed account of the games would be too lengthy for this article, so we give only the final scores.

Michigan 24, Kentucky 14

Indiana 40, Wisconsin 16

Indiana 37, Michigan 31

A prize for the best mental attitude and sportsmanship given by the deaf people of Indianapolis was awarded by a committee of three to Edward Poska, center on the Indiana team. There were many players who were considered for this honor and the decision was a hair-line one. The attitude and conduct of the players as a whole was above reproach. The modern idea of sportsmanship is making gentlemen in place of the rowdies of former years.

The location of next year's tourney is still undecided, but in all probability it will be held at the Illinois School. The Ohio school has also made a bid for the event.

Below we offer an "All Central States Deaf School Team." This selection of players is not the choice of any one person, but is the consensus of opinion of about



COACHES OF TOURNAMENT TEAMS

Standing—Martin, Kentucky; Norris, Indiana.
Sitting—Erd, Michigan; Holdren, Ohio; Burns, Illinois;
Neesam, Wisconsin.

thirty people. The proposition is all a matter of opinion anyway and we would be surprised if anyone else agreed with the ones who selected the players.

FIRST TEAM

NAME	SCHOOL	POSITION
Lutheran	Indiana	Forward
Guzzardo	Illinois	Forward
James	Indiana	Forward
Poska	Indiana	Center
Carman	Ohio	Center
Lynch	Indiana	Guard
Hermann	Ohio	Guard
Rocco	Michigan	Guard

SECOND TEAM

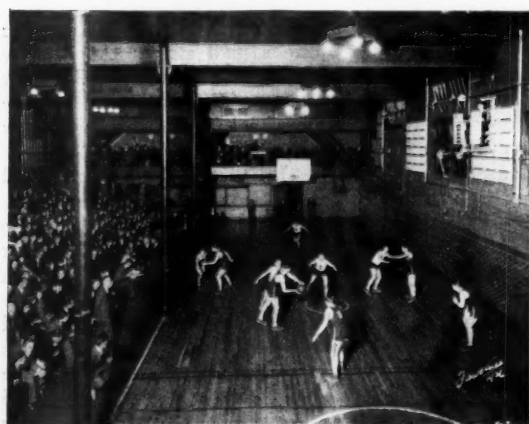
Liggett	Ohio	Forward
French	Kentucky	Forward
Wille	Wisconsin	Forward
Yoder	Michigan	Center
Krallman	Illinois	Center
Holdren	Ohio	Guard
Baugh	Illinois	Guard
Carlson	Illinois	Guard

LINEUPS AND SUMMARIES

Indiana 43	Michigan 26
Lutheran, Suite	F Belenske
James, Redman	F Zeske
Poska, Coole	C Yoder
Lamson	G Beurle, Sims
Downing, Lynch	G Rocco
Field Goals:	Indiana, Lutheran 6, James 4, Redman 1, Poska 6; Michigan, Belenske 5, Zeske 1, Yoder 6.
Foul Goals:	Indiana, Lutheran 1, James 2, Poska 4, Lawson 1, Lynch 1; Michigan, Zeske 1, Yoder 1.

Ohio 51	Kentucky 14
Liggett, Drapiewski	F French
Katz	F Thomas, Pidock
Carman	C Pidock, Browning
Holdren	G Goodwin
Hermann, Brown	G Barksdale
Field Goals:	Liggett 6, Drapiewski 1, Katz 2, Carman 6, Holdren 5, Hermann 4; Thomas 3, Browning 1, Goodwin 1.
Foul Goals:	Liggett 1, Hermann 2; French 2, Thomas 2.

Ohio 36	Indiana 28
Liggett	F Coole, Lutheran
Katz, Drapiewski	F Redman, James
Carman	C Suite, Poska
Holdren	G Lynch, Lawson
Hermann	G McCracken, Downing
Field Goals:	Liggett 3, Katz 1, Drapiewski 1, Carman 5, Holdren 3, Hermann 1; Coole 2, Lutheran 1, James 2, Suite 4, Poska 1.



Ohio and Indiana in Action

Foul Goals: Liggett 1, Drapiewski 3, Carman 3, Holdren 1; Redman 5, James 2, Poska 1.

Illinois 23		Wisconsin 17	
Sellers, Schrader	F	Szablewski	
Guzzardo	F	Hirte	
Krallman	C	Perry	
Baugh	G	Kirar, Nogosek	
Carlson	G	Wille	
Field Goals: Schrader 1, Guzzardo 5, Krallman 3, Wille 4, Szablewski 4.			
Foul Goals: Sellers 1, Guzzardo 3, Baugh 1; Kirar 1.			

Michigan 34		Kentucky 14	
Balemske	F	French	
Zeske, Sims	F	King, Thomas	
Yoder	C	Browning, Pidcock	
Schlegel	G	Goodwin, Morgan	
Rocco, Beurle	G	Barksdale	
Field Goals: Belenske 4, Sims 4, Yoder 6, Schegel 1; French 2, King 1, Browning 3.			
Foul Goals: King 2, Yoder 3, Beurle 1.			

Indiana 40		Wisconsin 15	
Luteran, Coole	F	Szablewski	
James, Redman	F	Rosenfield, Wille	
Poska, Suite	C	Hirte	
Lawson, Lynch	G	Nogosek, Perry	
Downing, McCracken	G	Kirar	
Field Goals: Luteran 4, Coole 1, James 5, Poska 5, Lawson 1, Downing 1; Szablewski 3, Wille 3, Hirte 1.			
Foul Goals: James 2, Redman 1, Poska 2, Suite 1, Szablewski 1, Kirar 1.			

Indiana 37		Michigan 31	
Luteran	F	Sims	
James	F	Belenske	
Poska, Suite	C	Yoder	
Lynch	G	Beurle, Schlegel, Zeske	
Downing, McCracken	G	Schlegel, Rocco	
Field Goals: Luteran 3, James 6, Poska 5; Belenske 5, Yoder 7, Zeske 2.			
Foul Goals: Luteran 3, James 5, Poska 1, Belenske 2, Yoder 1.			

Ohio 29		Illinois 19	
Drapiewski	F	Schrader	
Liggett	F	Guzzardo	
Carman	C	Krallman	
Holdren	G	Carlson	
Hermann	G	Baugh	
Field Goals: Drapiewski 1, Liggett 3, Carman 6, Holdren 2, Schreder 2; Guzzardo 3, Krallman 2, Baugh 1.			
Foul Goals: Drapiewski 1, Carman 3, Herman 1, Schradel 1, Guzzardo 1, Carlson 1.			

o—o—o

IN THE RIGHT PLACE

Gallaudet College is again accorded a place at the top! It was our pleasure to have as a visitor at our school the other day a teacher in Birmingham University School—formerly a student in the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis. While a student at the academy, he became acquainted with the deaf through the Gallaudet-Annapolis games he attended, and he gave us some interesting information that reflects well upon Gallaudet athletes of past seasons. In regard to the basket-ball teams of Gallaudet he said: "The basket-ball coach at the Naval Academy says that Gallaudet College turns out better teams than any other school in the country. I have seen them play many times. The Gallaudet boys, when I was at Annapolis, always gave us the hardest 'run for our money.'

"One remarkable feature of the Navy-Gallaudet games is that there is not a sound made. The Navy coach will not permit his men to waste their energy. Most teams, of course, make a great deal of noise. The Navy teams never make a sound. That is one factor of their success. The last minute's energy often wins games."—*Alabama Messenger*.

o—o—o

CHRISTY MATHEWSON'S JOKE ON TAYLOR

Throughout his baseball life Matty liked a joke as well as anybody. Whenever the old Giants of 1905 meet nowadays they recall a practical joke played on Luther Taylor, the deaf-mute pitcher, at Memphis, Tenn., during a spring training season. Matty was one of the chief conspirators.

On account of his deafness "Dummy" Taylor was already obsessed with a fear of some stranger getting in his room at nights. Incidentally, Taylor was a great practical joker, himself.

Across the street from the baseball hotel, Matty and McGraw had noticed a life-sized cigar store Indian, with a full head of black hair standing in the front of a store. Calling Robert Bresnahan into consultation they went out and unbolted that wooden Indian from the sidewalk while Taylor was at a theater. With speed and secrecy they dragged the wooden Indian into the hotel up in Taylor's room, where they put it in his bed and pulled the covers up around his neck. When the job was completed, they turned out the light and hid in a room across the hall to await developments.

Taylor came in after 11 o'clock. Turning on the light he suddenly spied the figure in his bed. He reached the door in one leap and did not stop until he had run to the desk downstairs and was busily writing on a card, trying to make the clerk call a policeman. When Taylor finally got back to the room and the covers had been pulled back disclosing the wooden Indian, he turned to see the grinning faces of Methewson, McGraw, Bresnahan and Mike Donlin, who stood in the doorway. He wanted to fight, but they ran out of danger.

o—o—o

Fifty Youngsters in Kite Flying Contest

MUCH ENTHUSIASM DISPLAYED AT ALABAMA SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF

The kite tournament staged on the high school athletic field March 5th, was quite a gala affair. About fifty youngsters with kites passed before the judges at 3 o'clock and took part in the contests. The event was for the benefit of the library at the school for the deaf, and drew a big crowd of children and adults.

The event was so successful that it is thought it will be made an annual affair.

A blue ribbon for the prettiest kite was awarded to Robert Leonard. His kite was pink and lavender decorated with birds and apple blossoms. Clayton Ramey, with a kite of white with a moon and stars for decoration took second place. Third place was awarded to George Crosby, whose kite bore a St. Patrick's design. Joyce Bailey's kite of a thistle design was fourth and J. C. Faulk's with butterflies on a yellow background was fifth. Sixth place was given to Howard Wellborn's kite, representing a shamrock, and seventh to Fred McKinney, for a kite of pink with green oak leaves.

Eugene Stephens took the blue ribbon for the cleverest kite, an ingenious cutout design decorated with fringe. Second place went to Coleman Aldridge, who had a yel-



A close-up of the best of the flyers

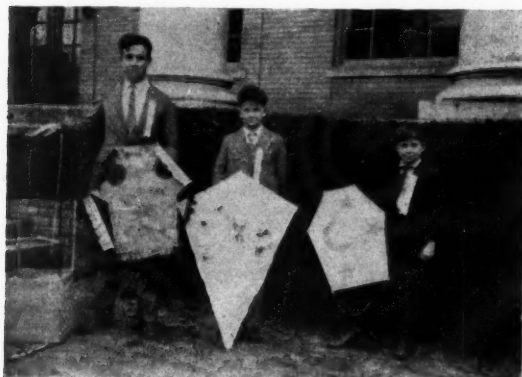
low kite with black sail boat silhouette and a slogan "out for a sail." Wallace Hipp's "Shamrock of 1926" took third place. James Stevens' kite with a green background bearing grotesque face, was fourth. Charles Cabaldo's kite was fifth. It bore a unique eagle design.

At a signal from Rev. Mr. Ormond, the kites were tossed into the air. The sight of the fifty kites of various colors and shapes in the air was a beautiful one.

The most unusual, a box kite made by Eugene Stephens that excited much favorable comment, proved too heavy for the gentle breeze and soon came down. The lighter ones vied with each other in "sweeping the cobwebs off the sky" and were in the air for several hours.

After an hour's flying William Malone was awarded the blue ribbon for the highest flyer.

Clayton Ramey, who won the blue ribbon for the flyer, stood like a veteran until his kite had taken up two balls



Prize Winners out of Fifty Contestants

Left to right—Eugene Stephens, cleverest; Robert Leonard, Prettiest; Clayton Ramey, best flyer.

of cord and backed him clear off the flying field for more. His kite must have been hovering over the Renfro mountain, judging from the view through Rev. Mr. Ormond's field glasses. When Clayton began to haul it in the crowd was delayed for some time waiting for it to be brought to earth.

o—o—o

The athlete who commands himself will command others.

o—o—o

We admire athletes who possess self-forgetfulness.

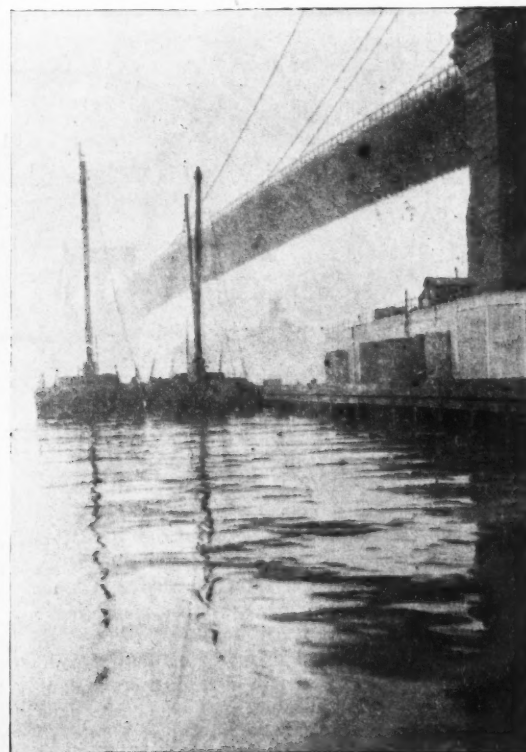
o—o—o

"Honesty always proceeds on a straight line."



A Creek near St. David, Ont., Canada

By Paul Tuttle



The East River, N. Y. C.

By Wm. E. F. Brogan, Rosemont, Pa.

National Association of the Deaf

ARTHUR L. ROBERTS, *President*, 358 E. 59th St., Chicago, Ill.

O. W. UNDERHILL, *First Vice-President*
School for the Deaf, St. Augustine, Fla.

MRS. C. L. JACKSON, *Second Vice-President*
937 Lucile Ave., S. W., Atlanta, Ga.

F. A. MOORE, *Secretary and Treasurer*
School for the Deaf, Trenton, N. J.



THOMAS F. FOX, *Board Member*
99 Ft. Washington Ave., N. Y. City.

J. W. HOWSON, *Board Member*
California School for the Deaf, Berkeley, Cal.

EDW. S. FOLTZ, *Board Member*
School for the Deaf, Olathe, Kansas.

Organized 1880. Incorporated 1900. An organization for the Welfare of all the Deaf

OBJECTS

- To educate the Public as to the Deaf;
- To advance the intellectual, professional, and industrial status of the Deaf;
- To aid in the establishment of Employment Bureaus for the Deaf in the State and National Departments of Labor;
- To oppose the unjust application of Liability Laws in the case of Deaf Workers;
- To combat unjust discrimination against the Deaf in the Civil Service or other lines of employment;
- To co-operate in the improvement, development, and extension of educational facilities for Deaf children;
- To encourage the use of the most approved and successful methods of instruction in schools for the Deaf, the adaptation of such methods to the need of individual pupils, and to oppose the indiscriminate application of any single method to all;
- To seek the enactment of stringent laws for the suppression of the impostor evil—hearing persons posing as deaf-mutes;
- To raise an Endowment Fund, the income of which is to be devoted to the furthering of the objects of the Association;
- To erect a National Memorial to Charles Michael de l'Epee, the universal benefactor of the Deaf;

To combat unjust discrimination against the deaf in the use of the automobile;

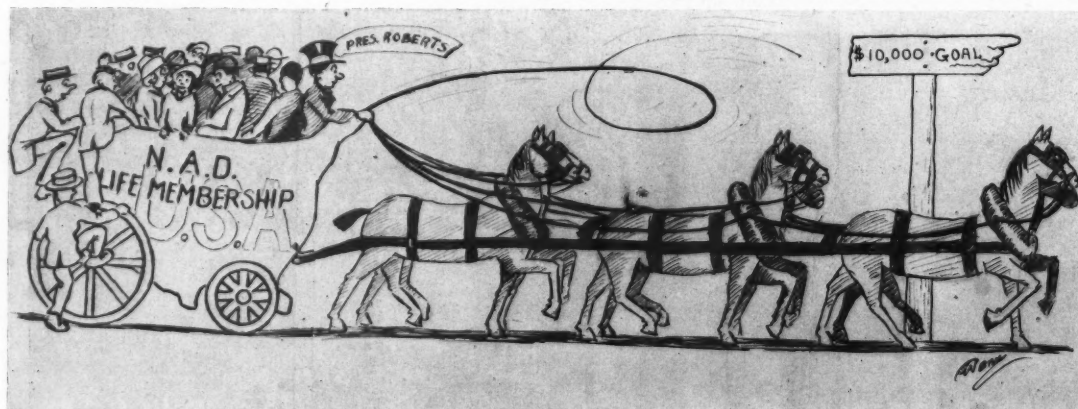
To be of useful service to the Deaf in every way possible.

MEMBERSHIP

- Regular Members:** Deaf Citizens of the United States;
- Associate Members:** Deaf persons not citizens of the United States and Hearing persons interested in the welfare of the Deaf.

FEES AND DUES

- Initiation Fee, \$1.00; Annual dues, 50c. Life membership, \$10 paid into the Endowment Fund at one time.
- Official Organs:** The Silent Worker and the Deaf-Mutes' Journal.
- Every deaf citizen and all others interested in the advancement of the Deaf along educational and industrial lines are urged to join the Association and co-operate financially and otherwise in promoting its objects.
- Life memberships, donations and bequests towards the increase of the Endowment fund are especially needed and earnestly solicited to the end that permanent headquarters, in charge of salaried experts, may be maintained for the more efficient and vigorous prosecution of the work of the Association.



ANOTHER SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF IN CHINA

The following extracts from a letter to the New Jersey school Teachers' Association by Mrs. A. E. Carter, principal of the School for the Deaf in Chefoo, China, will doubtlessly be of interest to the members and others:

"You will be pleased to learn that Mr. George B. Fryer of Shanghai has written to me of his desire to do something for the deaf children in that district, and of his plan to follow along the same lines which we have used in teaching Chinese to our pupils. I have offered to give him all the assistance we can by training a teacher whenever he finds a suitable recruit. As you know, Mr. Fryer has a school for Chinese blind boys. He does not think that it is the best plan to combine the two

kinds of schools, but there seems to be no other way to help the Shanghai deaf children. I am very glad that Mr. Fryer is willing to assume the responsibility and management of a Department for the Deaf, even in connection with his work for the blind, as it means keeping work for the deaf under Christian influence in that city.

I read with great pleasure Mr. F. A. Moore's reply to Dr. John Fryer's letter to the N. A. D. which was printed in the *Deaf-Mutes' Journal* of New York. Please extend our thanks to Mr. Moore for sending our 1924-1925 Year Book to Dr. Fryer, and for giving him the information about this school. I am sending Mr. Moore another copy of the report as he may have occasion to put it to some good use again."

The Association is more than pleased to have been of assistance to the deaf of China.

ATTENTION MEMBERS

By the way have you secured your life-member for the N. A. D. yet? Many members have responded to the Secretary-treasurer's request that each member secure one life-member to help boost the Endowment fund over the \$10,000 mark before the Washington convention. Notably among these is Mr. John C. Stahl, of Utica, N. Y. So far he has procured five (5) "Lifers" and several new members. And he is still going strong.

Since the launching of the "Drive" thirty one (31) have become life-members, and several others have promised to send in their \$10 soon. We set out to obtain 150 "Lifers." Deducting the 31 already on the roll, there are still 119 more needed before the goal can be realized.

Get your life-member now.

Do your bit for the N. A. D., your organization.

THE NEW ENGLAND DEAF TO ATTEMPT
A 100 PER CENT MARK

Though the deaf of the New England states are on the map as regards membership in the NAD, Mr. Lapides, the Organizer for those states is not satisfied, and has decided to try for a 100 per cent mark. He has sent out the appended letter to over 500 prospective members—and, as he says, the results are almost unbelievable. The deaf are fighting one another in their efforts to join.

If all the Organizers of the N. A. D. would follow the splendid example set by Mr. Lapides, the Association would be a very powerful organization, and could attempt many projects which it now finds impossible to do so.

Mr. Lapides' letter:

Hotel Royal,
New Haven, Conn.

Dear Friend:

Please do me a favor—not much at that. Yes? All right—please read thru this letter carefully and then think it over in your own way. I ask nothing—I demand nothing—I claim nothing—I insist on nothing—except your careful attention to this communication.

Are you interested in the question of the protection of legal rights of the deaf citizens of the U. S.? You will probably say, "Of course, the Constitution of the U. S. guarantees them." You are right, but let me ask you, "What is the most effective way to secure this guarantee?" Certainly through a well-established association, the sole purpose of which is to protect the legal rights of yourself and all other deaf people of the U. S.—the NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF THE DEAF, organized in 1880 and incorporated in 1900.

You may as well say, "Well, give me some example of this." Here are a few as follows:

The N. A. D. fought in the New Jersey State Legislature and won for the deaf of that state the legal right to drive automobiles. It helped establish a State Employment Bureau for the deaf in Minnesota, thus securing in the eyes of the law their legal right to earn a living. It assisted the deaf of Pennsylvania in their successful fight to gain the legal right to drive automobiles. It secured way back in President Roosevelt's administration from him, of Square Deal fame, an order that granted the legal right to deaf citizens to become Civil Service employees in the District of Columbia. It helped in the passage of laws against deaf impostors in many parts of the country, thus establishing the legal right of the real deaf to be secure in their reputation as law-abiding, self-supporting citizens—and so on.

This is not all. The N. A. D. must continue to fight. Why? Because the N. A. D. proposes to secure justice for deaf workers in Workmen's Compensation Liability laws—it proposes to continue watching out for the legal rights of deaf drivers—it proposes to maintain, in co-operation with other organizations of the deaf, the legal right of every deaf child to attend some school for the deaf, the same as

in the case of hearing children—it proposes to erect a memorial to Charles Michael de l'Epee—and there are many other things it would like to do.

In order to accomplish those good things which protect, maintain, and uphold your legal rights, the N. A. D. requires money. That cannot be denied. You cannot expect to get something for nothing. Maybe, you have been getting something for nothing up to now. But ask yourself, "Is this fair and just to those who support the N. A. D., which, because of their fees and dues, has secured some of the legal rights for me as well as for them?"

You know perfectly well the answer to this question. The very best kind of answer, my friend, is to put a cross in one of the following squares and to act accordingly.

☐ No. 1. I am becoming an annual member for the first time and enclose one (1) dollar for my initiation fee which will be good until June 1, 1927.

☐ No. 2. Being already an annual member, I desire to renew my membership by enclosing my annual dues of fifty (50) cents, which will be good until June 1, 1927.

☐ No. 3. I do not desire to be bothered by the payment of initiation fee and annual dues in the years to come and, desiring to do away with this and also to help the N. A. D. accumulate the Endowment Fund so that it will eventually have permanent headquarters in charge of salaried officers who are to devote their whole working days to the best interests of the deaf, I enclose ten (10) dollars in payment of my LIFE MEMBERSHIP FEE (which will be good until my death). I prefer to complete the payment of my LIFE MEMBERSHIP FEE (\$10.00) in several installments and therefore enclose my first installment payment—\$..... (your own figure) now and shall continue the same payment every month until ten (10) dollars shall have been paid. July 1, 1926, is the limit of such installment payments.

Any further information on this subject will be gladly given.

Read over the four different ways of joining the N. A. D. carefully. Put a cross in the square that appeals to you most. Do not bother yourself by writing a letter but just fold your remittance in this letter and return same to me. I shall send you a receipt. The Secretary-treasurer of the N. A. D. will forward a certificate of life membership to paid-up life members.

The decision rests with you.

I have confidence in your eventual decision.

Sincerely yours,
MICHAEL LAPIDES,
N. A. D. Organizer of New England.

P.S. I would like to report to the coming N. A. D. convention at Washington, D. C., in August next that the deaf of New England have done their full part. Do you want to do your part?

Join Now

AVOID THE JAM AT WASHINGTON

If you are planning to attend the N. A. D. convention in Washington, D. C. next summer, you surely will want to become a member of the Association. But why wait for Washington? Why not join now and avoid the jam and long waits which are usually encountered in enrolling at conventions.

Your dollar sent in now will entitle you to membership in the Association up to June 1, 1927, the same as if you had joined in Washington.

When your fee is received, a receipt will be sent you crediting you with membership up to June 1, 1927.

AVOID THE RUSH AND LONG WAIT.

Fees should be sent to F. A. Moore, Secretary-Treasurer, School for the Deaf, Trenton, N. J.

Suggestions Invited

To the Members of the National Association of the Deaf:

As chairman of the Law Committee of the Association, I extend to members a cordial invitation to present to the Committee either directly or through the press, suggested amendments to the laws of the Association. Of course it is presumed that these amendments will have in view the strengthening of the Association and its upbuilding for the future. Many are convinced that the Association needs a home office with well paid employees and executives. Some would like to incorporate the plan of defraying the expenses of delegates to conventions. The question arises as to how these arrangements may be financed. Some believe that dues should be raised. Others believe that the income from a large endowment fund is the most feasible plan. At present the Association has two ways of increasing the Endowment Fund. There is the \$10.00 received from every life member. This \$10.00 goes into the Fund and only the income from it may be used for current expenses. Then there is the graduated scheme of fees whereby when the Endowment Fund reaches the sum of \$10,000, the present initiation fee is increased from \$1.00 to \$2.00, and the yearly dues are reduced from 50 cents to 35 cents; when the Fund reaches \$30,000, initiation fees become \$3.00 and dues 20 cents; when the fund passes the \$40,000 mark, fees are \$4.00 and dues 10 cents; and finally upon the Fund reaching \$50,000, dues are abolished and initiation fees are \$5.00. Thus at this time a life membership is practically \$5.00. This latter plan has never been tried because the Fund has not reached \$10,000, but it will come into play shortly.

Do you believe that the second plan of reducing yearly dues and increasing initiation fees as the Endowment Fund increases is a good incentive for increasing the Fund? If the convention at Washington succeeds in putting over the first \$10,000, will other conventions follow suit? Or is the plan too cumbersome and should it be modified or done away in favor of the \$10.00 life membership idea? Do you think that we could with the income from a \$50,000 Endowment Fund maintain a home office?

Do you think our present law reading "voting by proxy being permitted absent members in good standing," should be changed?

Should our Association be enlarged to include members from Canada?

These and other questions concerning the guidance of our Association should furnish food for thought of individual members, and should form plenty of material for discussion in local branches of the N.A.D. As the Committee must make its report in time for publication at least sixty days before the date of the next convention, time is very short for suggestions to be sent through the Committee. However, changes in the laws may be made from the floor of the convention, the only difference being that then a four-fifth vote is needed in contrast to the two-thirds vote necessary for passage of amendments coming through the Law Committee.

As its articles of incorporation state, the National Association of the Deaf has been striving for years towards advancing the welfare of the deaf and any proposed changes in the laws of the Association should always have that objective uppermost in mind.

J. W. HOWSON, Chairman,

Committee on Laws.

2915 Regent street, Berkeley, Calif.



Old Kentucky Home

By Henry P. Crutcher



First annual Picnic at Mr. and Mrs. Ulrich's home, La Salle, N. Y., last August. All deaf from Rochester, Buffalo, Batavia and Niagara Falls.

Photo by Verne Barnett, Rochester, New York.

Fifteenth Triennial Convention at Washington, August 9 -- 14, 1926

AN APPEAL TO REASON

A REASONABLE APPEAL

New Membership Campaign

National Association of the Deaf

Incorporated under the laws of the District of Columbia February 23, 1900
Organized August 25, 1880

The Organization that works for a square deal for all the Deaf:

In the matter of employment

In the application of liability, compensation and traffic laws

In State and National Labor Bureaus

In the Civil Service

In the classification of schools

In the methods of instruction

The Organization that stands for the welfare of all the Deaf:

For educational improvement, development and extension

For intellectual, professional and industrial advancement

For the education of the public as to the Deaf

For the suppression impostors posing as "deaf and dumb."

For the endowment fund of the Association

For a memorial to De L'Epee

National in scope

National in utility

Membership

Regular: Deaf Citizens of the United States. **Associate:** Hearing persons interested in the welfare of the Deaf. **Life:** Persons eligible to Regular or Associate Membership on payment of \$10.00 into the Endowment Fund at one time. **Regular and Associate Membership Fees and Dues:** One dollar for the first year. Fifty cents annually thereafter.

CONVENTIONS

1880 Cincinnati
1883 New York
1889 Washington
1893 Chicago—World Congress
1896 Philadelphia

1899 St. Paul
1904 St. Louis—World Congress
1907 Norfolk
1910 Colorado Springs
1913 Cleveland

1915 San Francisco
1917 Hartford—Gallaudet Centennial
1920 Detroit
1923 Atlanta
1926 Washington
1929 ? ? ? ?

You are eligible to membership

The Association needs you
Help with your membership

Join now
Do it now

You need the Association
Get your friends to help

OFFICERS NATIONAL EXECUTIVE BOARD

ARTHUR L. ROBERTS, *Pres.*
Chicago, Illinois

O. W. UNDERHILL, *V. Pres.*
St. Augustine, Fla.

MRS. C. L. JACKSON, *V. Pres.*
Atlanta, Ga.

F. A. MOORE, *Sec'y-Treas.*
Trenton, N. J.

THOMAS F. FOX
New York

JAMES W. HOWSON
Berkeley, Cal.

EDWARD S. FOLTZ
Olathe, Kansas

Fill out, detach and send this blank to the Treasurer of the National Association of the Deaf, Frederick A. Moore, School for the Deaf, Trenton, N. J.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP National Association of the Deaf

Name: _____

Street: _____

City: _____ State: _____

Date: _____ Amount Enclosed \$ _____

Regular, Associate or Life: _____

Members are advised to subscribe to the official organs—THE SILENT WORKER and "The Deaf-Mutes' Journal." Each is \$2.00 a year. THE SILENT WORKER pays your dues so long as you are a subscriber.

Make the Washington Convention the Greatest Ever

"Frats" Will Celebrate Silver Jubilee in Chicago

*When I stroll thru that silent pack—
Stroll, strutting, thru Chicago's "Sac,"*

With wide surprise

In eager eyes

I'll meet the Great Ones there:

Meet Hellers—first of all his race,

And other Past-Grands, face-to-face,

And Mighty Men

Who battled when

Our "frat" began its chase.

One score and five years ago a little knot of schoolboy visionaries conceived and brought forth a "crazy scheme"—founded on the silly theory that since all men are created free and equal, we Denizens of Deafdom are free to demand equal life-insurance rates with the hearing.

The Intrenched Interests of Old Line Life Insurance had given us a hearty horse-laugh. They also gave us horse-sense.

The same as YOU used horse-sense when you finally joined this National Fraternal Society of the Deaf. (If you didn't, you will soon—what's a few weeks between brothers?)

Five and twenty years is 25 years—and some of the sacrifices and sufferings and sorrows are forgotten, now. So is the suffering of Washington and his men at Valley Forge. But, buddy, YOU want to be in on the official Surrender of Cornwallis, May 29-30-31 next, at the Silent Athletic Club, Chicago—the world's finest deaf-owned clubhouse. YOU will want to view from some vantage point that final triumphant parade of our few remaining Minute Men—led by our Paul Revere and Mollie Pitcher. See them with your own eyes. What a tale to tell our grandchildren when you and I are withered, old and goofy.

Look over the official program for the three days:

Saturday, May 29

- 2 p. m.—Registration at both N. F. S. D. headquarters—room 907, 130 N. Wells St.; and at the Silent A. C.—5538 Indiana Avenue.
- 4 p. m.—Start of bowling tournament, auspices of Silent A. C.
- 6 p. m.—Cafeteria at Sac.
- 8 p. m.—Silver Jubilee Exercises.
- 10 p. m.—Best-ever Smoker. (Pass-word and due-card must be shown at door.) Other entertainment for ladies with badges.

Sunday, May 30

- 11 a. m.—Bowling tournament continues, lasting probably all afternoon.
- 2 p. m.—Informal Frat Forum.
- 6 p. m.—Cafeteria at Sac.
- 8 p. m.—Frat Vaudeville. Admission 75c for those without badges.
- 10:30 p. m.—Reception and free refreshments. (Badge-wearers only.)

Monday, May 31

- Noon to night—Decoration Day outing in Washington Park, four blocks from the Sac.
- 3 p. m.—Races and games for prizes.
- 6 p. m.—Cafeteria at Sac.
- 8 p. m.—Silver Jubilee Ball. Admission 50c for those without badges.

The committee in charge of this Silver Jubilee of Division No. 1 has arranged for a registration fee of \$1 from all spectators—local or visitors—which includes a handsome souvenir badge. This badge admits the wearer FREE to everything except the bowling and cafeteria—which are Silent A. C. enterprises.

The Silver Jubilee is not a "silver coin collecting contest." Between \$10 and \$15 should cover your expenses—not including carfare. About the middle of May ask your ticket-agent if there are any reduced-rate excursions to Chicago for Decoration Day. Chicago hotels are always flooded at that time, so it is wiser to write now and secure reservations from Hotelfrat Herbert Gunner, 1845 W. 108 Pl., Chicago. Rates are \$2.50 to \$4 per night. Several silents living near the Sac will give Gunner list of visitors they can accommodate on cots or mattresses at \$1 to \$1.50 per night.

The opening exercises will see a lot of the first hundred frats sitting on the stage—together with bunch of Past Grands. Each should make a brief address, dealing with the difficulties of those dear, dead days.

"Wizzard" Wondra—the deaf Ziegfeld-Carroll—is preparing a new pony-ballet of beautiful deaf lassies; an improvement on his "Sac Follies" of 1924—which all the visiting St. Paul delegates avowed was a splendid \$2 show. Each Wondra production surpasses the last. The headline act will dramatically depict the birth and growth of the N. F. S. D., and one of the "Miss NFSD" characters will probably be assigned to the 11-year-old deaf cousin of Harold "Red" Grange—see her picture in the "Nadio" department of the April SILENT WORKER.

From 700 to 1000 Chicago silents should attend the Washington Park outing, which—with the expected 400 out-of-town visitors—will give Dan Cupid a splendid chance to heal old wounds and make new ones.

No definite plan to "show you the town" is slated; for it is felt that the program providing for affairs lasting until one or two o'clock each morning will keep you in bed until time to get up and reassemble for the next day's Jubilee features. However, should enough visitors request it, a personally-escorted tour of the World's Fourth Largest City may be suddenly arranged—at your expense.

This Silver Jubilee is not a money-making proposition, so don't write the committee letters requiring an answer, unless absolutely necessary. Chiefrat David Padden, of 3848 Hirsch St., Helpfrat Elmer Disz of 12034 Eggleston Ave., and Pressfrat Meagher of 5627 Indiana Avenue are the Chicago parties to address if you simply must pester someone.

This Silver Jubilee is not competing with the great N. A. D. convention in Washington, next August. By no means. Go to both, if you can. If you can't, then attend the one you can afford. Both will be highly enjoyable good times—a toss-up as to your particular personal tastes. We only live once—so come on, ye terriers, LIVE!

J. FREDERICK MEAGHER.

(Official Press-Pest of No. 1)

HER EVIDENCE

Inebriate: You see I started home early, but I was attacked by a thug.

Wife: And your tongue clove to the roof of your mouth.

Inebriate: Yes, but how did you know?

Wife: I smelled the cloves.—*The Progressive Grocer.*

N. J. Auto Fight Retrospect

By MILES SWEENEY



UP TO A FEW YEARS AGO the efforts of the New Jersey deaf to obtain licenses to drive motor vehicles were confined to arguing with the magistrates. The officers of the defunct state association resorted to this method time and again, and in every case their endeavors proved futile.

In 1922, at the first bi-ennial convention of the New Jersey Branch of the National Association of the Deaf held in Trenton, September 2, 3, and 4, Mr. W. W. Beadell, of Arlington, N. J., was made a sole committee on the automobile, with power to select assistants. Mr. Beadell at once set to work collecting a wealth of data, which was later used to good effect in Pennsylvania but for the time being failed in New Jersey. The first attempt at legislation in New Jersey was made in 1923-4; a bill was introduced, referred to a committee, from whence it never stirred. Nevertheless, the victory in Pennsylvania heartened us some and paved the way for a re-attempt.

At the second bi-ennial convention of the New Jersey Branch, held in Jersey City, August 30 to September 1, 1924, a resolution was passed authorizing the engaging of counsel, the raising of funds and a publicity campaign in the newspapers. A committee was appointed by the president composed of W. W. Beadell, chairman, Kenneth Murphy, Alfred Shaw, E. B. Ernst and Albert Neger. Ex-assemblyman Hervey S. Moore, who makes a speciality of auto legislation, was chosen as our legal representative.

Our committee was at the outset confronted with many a disheartening circumstance. In the first place, the New Jersey deaf were chary of their money; past failures taught them to doubt future success. Not a few bluntly intimated that the present attempt would end in just one more failure, and accordingly refused to contribute a penny. As contributions crept in slowly and in meagre quantities and as the 1924-25 legislative session was fast approaching, it was necessary to appeal to the two local branches, which generously responded with loans totaling \$500. Without this timely assistance the fight would likely have been postponed to another year.

Meanwhile, the publicity campaign in the newspapers was beginning to show results. The object was to convince the public mind of the merit of our case by presenting such facts, figures and arguments as would help accomplish the purpose. The precedents in Pennsylvania and other states; the fact that non-resident deaf drivers are constantly using the state roads while we New Jersey deaf who pay taxes to maintain the roads are not allowed to use same; constitutional privileges that apply to the deaf as well as to the hearing; testimony from first hand sources as to the competency of the deaf at the wheel; statistics proving the small percentage of mishaps among the deaf as compared with the hearing; the argument that the state and the auto trade would be gainers in case the deaf are permitted to have autos, etc., etc.—all these made a favorable impression. At least the editorial columns of the Trenton newspapers vigorously advocated our case, and this is more than half the battle to win public opinion, which always exerts a potent influence over legislators.

The progress of our bill through the Legislature was marked with quite some vicissitudes. The measure was

known as Assembly Bill No. 422, and was introduced on February 9, by Mr. Beardsley, of Essex County. It provided for an amendment to the motor vehicle law, restricting the discretionary powers of the Commissioner of Motor Vehicles to the effect that "no physical defect of the applicant shall debar him or her from receiving a license unless it can be shown by common experience that such defect incapacitates him or her from safely operating a motor vehicle." Hitherto the law granted the commissioner of motor vehicles full power to refuse licenses to those who in his estimation are improper persons. The present commissioner always comprehended the deaf under that head, without giving them an opportunity to demonstrate the contrary, and he steadfastly maintained this tyrannical and intolerable attitude since he first assumed office in 1915. But to return to Assembly Bill No. 422.

For a time it seemed that our bill was meeting with slow strangulation in the clutches of the Committee on Highways. Whoever applied the counter-pressure or furnished the oil that enabled it to slip out—him we laud to the skies. The bill was finally reported out of committee on March 3—we breath relief. But another crisis is impending. The Senate had set Friday, March 13 as the last day for the passage of new bills. Monday, March 9—bill comes up before Assembly, but is laid aside on account of the absence of its sponsor, who was ill. We are disappointed. Wednesday, March 11—passes the house by a vote of 30 to 9, and goes to the Senate. Our hopes revive.

And now, Friday the 13th, evening session, the last time for the passage of new bills—doesn't all this premonite doom? Well, it is already old news that the Senate unanimously passed the bill to the tune of 11 to 0.

We felt certain that Governor Silzer, a confirmed liberal, would affix his signature to the measure. He had until Friday midnight, March 20, to do so. In the meantime there was no busier man than Commissioner Dill. That Dill succeeded in having the Governor veto the measure proves him an astute politician. The thing broke in print on March 20 and had a very depressing effect on us. This, however, was short-lived; for, late in the afternoon of that same day, we received the electrifying news that the Governor had reconsidered his decision and finally signed the bill. It was our lawyer, Hervey Studdiford Moore, who did the trick. Reason and sober fact triumphed over adroitness or a distorted imagination.

Nevertheless, Commissioner Dill did not give up the fight. One course remained—the opinion of the Attorney General. The final edition of the *Trenton Evening Times* of March 27, 1925, bore a scareline full across that read "Assails Law Allowing Cripples and Mutes to Drive." The sub heads read: License refused to one—Commissioner to take up problem with Attorney General." The occasion was that Dill refused a license to a deaf applicant in East Orange, N. J., with the explanation that "no application will be granted until after he confers with Attorney General Katzenbach as to his obligation to issue licenses to deaf and other physically unfit persons." He is quoted as further stating that "with all the grade crossings there are in New Jersey this legislation designed

to permit deaf and crippled persons to drive becomes one of the most vicious in the state. It is truly a crime to add to the increase in the already appalling number of accidents by permitting physically unfit persons to drive."

All that is throwing dust into the eyes of the public. It is once more the dexterous politician harping on the old bugaboo of public safety, perhaps with an eye to a bigger plum. [Note: at this writing a bill is pending in the legislation to increase the salary of the Commissioner of - Of the 1,000 or more deaf in New Jersey it is not likely that 50 will ever drive cars. How on earth can this handful of citizens menace the public safety? There are over 500,000 cars registered in New Jersey, and the fatalities in 1923 numbered 672. It will take us New Jersey deaf almost a thousand years to equal that record, supposing we average one killing every year, which is not even the case.

Dill consulted Attorney General Katzenbach, all right. The opinion of the chief law officer of the state is worth quoting in full, and I hereby do so. The quotation is from the *Trenton Times* of April 2, 1925. Here it is:

"Common experience, it seems to me, would indicate that any person who has lost a limb or is suffering from paralysis, would be incapable of safely operating a motor vehicle; but I do not understand that common experience has shown that a deaf person cannot with safety operate an automobile.

"I, therefore, advise you that a deaf person does not come within the designation of an improper person as used in the act, but unless he suffers some physical defect other than deafness, which would likewise incapacitate him from safely operating a motor vehicle, such deaf person is entitled to be licensed, having first complied with all the conditions of the original act."

Thus ended a fight that extended over fully a decade, and may it serve as an inspiration to the deaf of other the conditions of the original act."

Milwaukee man asks divorce because she kisses him too much. Onions would be cheaper.

Making America Safer

By JOHN F. HILL

Good Evening Ladies and Gentlemen:

My subject this evening ought to be vitally interesting and important to every man or woman who drives a motor car. At the beginning of my talk, however, I am going to ask you a question that may seem a bit removed from the subject of safety. Did you ever look through a windshield when the rain was beating heavily against it? Things ahead looked pretty blurred, didn't they? Imagine living and moving about in a world such as this, where all the outlines of objects were so uncertain.

Yet there are thousands of people who are continually looking through rain-blurred windows—their eyes! Their vision is permanently blurred. What's more, they don't know it. They have become so accustomed to the blur that they think it a natural state of things.

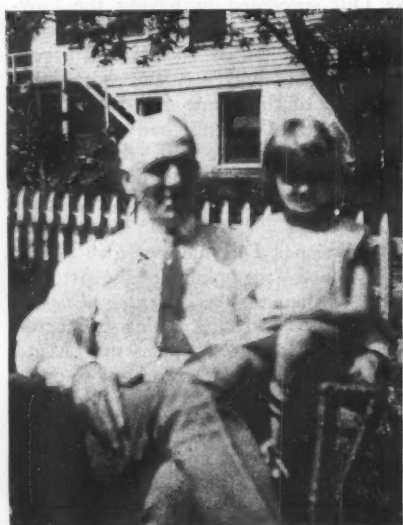
And a great many of these folks who don't know their eyes are blurred, are driving motor cars!

I think I see some of you shaking your heads doubtfully as if you found that too strong a statement.

But I can give you facts and figures to prove it. A State association for public safety has recently made a careful and exhaustive investigation into the causes of automobile accidents and has come to the conclusion that only about 25% of accidents are due to speeding and recklessness, while at least 50% are due to *defective eyes!* The remaining 25% are attributed as follows: about 5% to insufficient skill in driving and lack of knowledge of traffic rules; 10% to driver's lack of self control in emergencies; and only about 2% to mechanical defects.

There's ample substantiation for the big eyesight percentage in the records of the courts. For an excuse most frequently offered, when a driver is arrested after an automobile, is "I did not see him in time."

And every optometrist knows that there are many people driving automobiles about our streets who see so poorly that it is madness to allow them to continue. One



W. H. Chambers and his daughter Elizabeth, aged five years.

Types of Children of Deaf Parents



Mrs. W. H. Chambers and her daughter Elizabeth, of Knoxville, Tenn.

specialist, of Detroit, has made a special investigation of this subject with the idea of bringing about some legislative action. He reports some drivers of cars with vision only 30% normal in one eye and 10% normal in the other. He found one chauffeur with light perception only in one eye and 50% vision in the other. Found one man deaf, dumb and possessing one artificial eye—and his other eye only 60% of normal.

None of these facts and figures are surprising in view of the estimate of statisticians that there are 73,000,000 people in the United States who need glasses, and only about 30,000,000 who wear them. Of the remaining 43,000,000 who should be wearing glasses, it is fair to assume that a considerable number are driving motor cars. Is it any wonder then that accidents are so frequent? The marvel is that there aren't more of them!

Compare the situation of the motor car driver with that of the locomotive engineer. In speed the engineer and the automobile driver are at times on a par. But the engineer has no slippery streets with which to contend; no vehicles constantly to dodge; no pedestrians to avoid. His path is laid out before him—he cannot deviate from it.

Yet with all these advantages in his favor the locomotive engineer must go through years of apprenticeship and training before he is entrusted with an engine, and he has a competent fireman at his elbow at all times in case of trouble. At frequent intervals his eyes are examined and if they fall below 90% of normal, he is no longer considered fit to hold down his job. What a difference from the restrictions on the motor car driver! And it lies in the fact that the railroad company employing the engineer is a public utility subject to stringent state and federal laws designed to safeguard the public, while the motor car is not.

Of course, the states have only themselves to blame for the prevalence of automobile accidents as a result of defective vision. There is no state in the Union which requires anything like an adequate test of the applicant's eyes before he is given permission to drive a car. In most states there is no eye test of any kind required. In some states a license may even be application through the mails.

Just think of it! As our laws are at present constituted, a man running amuck in the street would be arrested, so would a man carrying dynamite or TNT without a permit; or a man owning a vicious dog; but a person whose eyes are so defective that a ton or two of steel which he drives through the public highways may be a menace to life and limb, is permitted to continue until he actually kills or maims somebody!

As with most cases of negligence, the constant increase in accidents is bringing about restrictions, and the day is coming when motor car drivers will be subjected to just as rigid an examination of their ability to drive—and see, as if their cars were in the public utility class.

Did you ever hear of Escanaba, Michigan? Perhaps Escanaba herself can hear this story. I hope so for it's very much to Escanaba's credit. This small town of less than 15,000 inhabitants not long ago passed an ordinance requiring a vision test for all who apply for a driver's license. All whose vision is less than 50% are refused a license until they have their defective vision corrected by proper glasses.

The eye defects causing most automobile accidents are acute (far-sightedness) hyperopia with consequent inability to gauge distances; (near-sightedness) myopia—aggravated astigmatism; and a restricted field of vision. Persons blind in one eye have a limited vision field and

a loss of stereoscopic effect. This makes them poor judges of distance. Other defects which may cause accidents are (double vision) diplopia—and so-called "night-blindness." Night-blindness greatly interferes with the quick perception of oncoming traffic in a poor light.

An eye test for motor car drivers which all optometrists would endorse, would be something like this:

- 1st. That the applicant must have two useful eyes.
- 2nd. That the sharpness of vision with or without glasses shall not be less than 50% in either eye nor less than 80% in one if the other is normal.
- 3rd. That there shall be no (double vision)—diplopia.
- 4th. That the color sense shall be normal in red, green and blue.
- 5th. That the light sense shall be normal.
- 6th. That the sense of perspective shall be normal.
- 7th. That the field or range of vision shall be according to recognized perimetric measurements for white, red and green.

Such an examination would do more than cut down the number of accidents due to defective vision. It would take away from reckless drivers all opportunity for using their favorite alibi. You know the story of the man who bought a mule and a few days later returned it to the negro from whom he had bought it, declaring that the mule was blind. The negro said it was not blind. But the dissatisfied buyer maintained that it was, because it walked into fences, trees anything that happened to be in his way.

"No, suh," said the negro, "dat mule ain't blind, he just don't give a darn!"

So, if we had really effective eye tests for drivers, we could keep those with defective eyesight that cannot be remedied, off the roads. And we could put the careless ones who don't give a darn, where they belong!

"I think I can see, but do I know I can see?" This is the question every one of you motor car drivers should ask yourselves in your own interest and in the interest of those who trust their lives to your care. Even if you suffer no pain in your eyes; even if you can read perfectly without glasses; even if, as you think, you're too young to need glasses. The only way to be sure is to have an eye examination.

Call up your optometrist today and arrange for an appointment. Your work and your play won't suffer, for an optometric examination is given without drops, or any paralyzing of the eye muscles. Yet it's careful and thorough. If your optometrist tells you your eyes are safe on the road, you can rely on it!

Spokane clubwoman says woman's place isn't in the home. But she hasn't looked lately.



View from steps of Capitol. Albany, N. Y. By Miss Anna M. Klaus, Palisades Park, N.J.

Fatigue, Healthy and Unhealthy

BY HELENA LORENZ WILLIAMS

NO MATTER what work we do or what form of play we pursue, we all get tired—which is as it should be. The important sequel to this fact is that we must have a sufficient amount of rest in order to perform the next task, or play the next game that awaits us. The truth of this is often under-estimated in our hurlyburly civilization. Occasionally someone we know breaks down from overwork, or develops tuberculosis; the rest of us are sympathetic, and go on our way without reflecting much on the underlying reason for the difficulty.

Often than we think, fatigue is the cause in as much as most of us do not know when we are tired. The symptoms of fatigue are as varied as pebbles on a beach; yet the only type we recognize as such is the feeling we describe as "dog tired." This, however, generally comes from muscular exertion. It is the sort experienced by the manual laborer, the farmer and the athlete, and attacks the rest of us when we have used muscles that are unaccustomed to exercise. The simple remedy for it is physical rest until the poisons that have accumulated in the body are washed out and energy returns.

Mental fatigue, on the other hand, is the commonest malady of our day. It is probably caused by the congestion of the blood vessels at the base of the brain, and is the result of over concentration, worry or other mental strain. The type of rest which best drives it out is physical exercise, so that the blood may be forced from the brain into other parts of the body.

Walking, for example, is an ideal exercise for the brain worker. Dr. Alvah H. Doty, in his book "Walking for Health," points out that: "Obvious significance lies in the fact that those engaged in physical exercises are to a large extent exempt from diseases of the circulation. Constant brain worker, as well as victims of prolonged worry or distress of mind; and those who are prone to excesses of various kinds, pay but little heed to the signal of an overworked brain in the way of headache, insomnia, mental fatigue, and other manifestations indicating circulatory conditions not consistent with health."

The well-known "tired business man" who finds his recreation in a game of cards or a musical comedy, is far more sensible than he who reads scientific books, or goes to see a problem play when he is very tired. The housewife's desire occasionally to get away from her duties is a legitimate one, for her work is among the most fatiguing in the world, largely because of its extreme monotony.

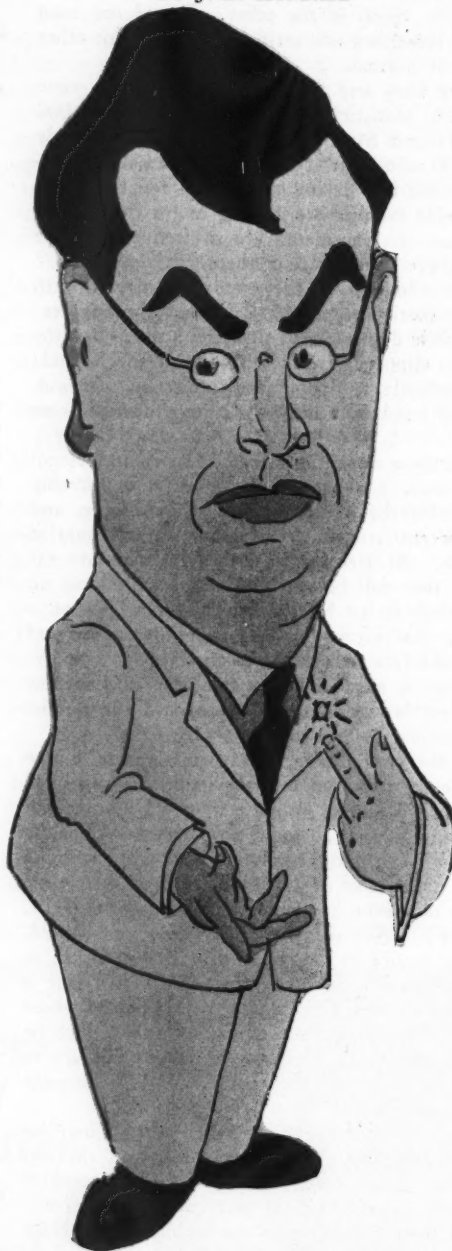
Fatigue is all too often ignored as the underlying cause of irritability, listlessness, and a "run down" condition in children. It is well for parents to consider the hours of sleep, kind of food, and the mental activities of the child in order to ascertain whether they may not be the cause of an abnormal fatigue which has lowered the resistance. One of the chief causes of disease in both children and adult is malnutrition, in which fatigue is an important factor. For an overtired body frequently means an overtired stomach, with resultant loss of appetite.

Malnutrition and other illnesses resulting from fatigue are contributing factors in developing tuberculosis. While it is altogether normal and healthful to work until one is tired, the dangers of over-fatigue are still under-estimated.

The horse is decidedly out of date as a means of transportation but this is to be said: You didn't need to pour hot water on the horse to get him started.—*Selected.*

Do You Recognize Me?

BY J. L. KENDALL



You know what Mr. Gibson means

ETERNITY

And think how short thy little span of life;
Pause man one moment in thy busy strife,
How brief the longest life allotted thee,
But O, how boundless is eternity!
Eternity!—O strange! O fearful word!
Teach me to feel its solemn truth, O Lord;
Teach me to know how brief the time here given,
To live for thee and to prepare for Heaven.

—*Mrs. Mary Lewis of Va.*

APHORISMS

BY "THE HERMIT OF OLYPHANT"

Benjamin Franklin said that, "Being ignorant is not so much a shame as being unwilling to learn."

Human energy is limited, and if too much thought is given to minor things no vitality will be left for the great things.

We are sometimes irresistibly drawn into the contemplation of what we dislike; so men gaze, fascinated, at serpents; so young copped field steals up to the chamber of the sleeping Uriah Heep to stare at the hideous face of a being he loathed.

That which is not practicable is not necessary. How much thought and effort are wasted on futile things?

The Italians have a poreorole which runs thus: "If you tell the name, hide the deed; if you tell the deed, hide the name."

Wealth and position will often make "Elegant" that which is in itself low and vulgar.

Some rules of life are so simple that a fool can't learn them; so hard that a lazy man won't.

He who leaves off, gives up. He who is silent, is forgotten.

As a man is, so he sees.

If you would succeed in life, you must do it in spite of the efforts of others to pull you down.

Most of us read our own prejudices into our Bibles, our conscience and our reason.

He who has never had a wound knows not the meaning of scars.

Montaigne says: "Men are tormented by the ideas they have concerning things, and not by the things themselves." From which I deduce that he is wise who has learned to face things themselves after having overcome the fears of his ideas concerning them.

Generally those who complain that they "lead a dog's life," have made that life for themselves.

It is a far better thing to obey a man of talent than to lead a fool.

So industrious are dull writers, and so idle are dull readers, that puffed nonsense bids fair to blow unpuffed sense completely out of the field.

When certain persons abuse us, let us ask ourselves what description of characters it is that they admire; we shall often find this a very consolatory question.

Men will wrangle for religion; write for it, fight for it; die for it; anything but —LIVE FOR IT!

Bobbed hair is all right. We know it is, because a professor of psychology says it isn't.

Lest You Forget

The SILENT WORKER has been serving the Deaf for thirty-seven years. It has always improved and will continue to improve if the Deaf keep faith with us. The SILENT WORKER is in a class by itself; there is nothing like it in the world and its equipment is unequalled. To keep it going

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THE SILENT WORKER
Trenton, N. J.

The Buff and Blue

a college magazine

Published by the Undergraduates
of

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in the world*

The Buff and Blue is a literary publication containing short stories, essays, and verse, contributed by students and Alumni. The Athletics, Alumni and Local departments and the Kappa Gamma Fraternity notes are of great interest to those following Gallaudet activities.

Every deaf person should be a reader of the Buff and Blue. Subscription \$1.50 a year.

Gallaudet College
Washington, D. C.

National Association of the Deaf

De L'Epee Memorial Statue Committee

REPORT NO. 46

Reported Nov. 29, 1925 \$6436.91

COLLECTORS

Samuel Frankenheim, N. Y. .	20.25
Sol D. Weil, Buffalo, N. Y. .	23.75
Mary F. Austrera, N. Y.	9.25
A. Ebel, Cleveland, Ohio	3.00
W. C. Fugate, Louisville Ky. .	5.50
Net Income from Investments	200.50

Total Fund \$6,699.16

MEMBERS' ANNUAL DUES

NEW YORK STATE

Henry C. Kohlman	\$ 1.00
Harry S. Lewis	1.00
Allen Hitchcock	1.00
Mrs. J. Morin	1.00
J. P. Drennan25
Mr. and Mrs. Sol D. Weil	5.00
John Phillippe	2.00
H. C. Warnke	1.00
Mrs. F. L. Peak	1.00
T. P. Connlon	1.00
Daniel Curry	1.00
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Agnes Palmgreen50
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Hattie Funk50
M. Murty50
A. E. Ode50
H. C. M.50
Mrs. F. Zimmerman50
Catharine Lehman25
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Thos. J. Cosgrove	1.00
Eleanor E. Sherman	1.00
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Paul M. Fabacher	5.00
Mary F. Austrera	1.00
Jos. McNery	1.00
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M. J. Leo25
J. F. O'Brien	1.00
A. Pfeiffer	1.00
Mrs. A. Pfeiffer	1.00

OHIO

J. P. Ralbovsky	\$.50
A. Paloga25
Mrs. F. T. Gilardo25
F. T. Gilardo25
V. Knauss25
John Sinko25
Mrs. H. E. Diamond25
Magdelene T. Taddes25
Mrs. A. Ebel25
Florence Hughes25
Marie Hinkel25
P. D. Munger	1.00
R. Nathanson50
J. Fryfogle50

Olive Fersenberg50
J. B. Showalter50
J. B. Arnold25
Albertha J. Hamnafordd	1.00

KENTUCKY

Patrick Dolan	\$ 1.00
Mr. and Mrs. Julius Senn	1.00
Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Fugate50
J. J. Frederick50
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H. C. Wesetty25
R. Hartmann25
Robert Downs25
F. Heagie25
J. T. Cull25
N. H. Duham25
G. G. Kannapell25

INDIANA

Vance S. Clipp	\$.25
Wm. C. Bader25

PENNSYLVANIA

H. F. Sommer	\$ 1.00
Elmer L. Eby	1.00
Edwin C. Ritchie	1.00
Elizabeth Ahrens	1.00

NEW JERSEY

Annie Ryan	\$ 1.00
Matthew Higgins	1.00

IOWA

Jacob Cohen	\$.25
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WASHINGTON STATE

Oscar Sanders	\$.50
March 13, 1926 Total Fund...	\$ 6,699.16

SAMUEL FRANKENHEIM

Treasurer.

18 West 107th. Street,
New York City.

To those members, who have received notices for annual dues and have not paid them, a strong appeal is herewith made to have them renewed in order to keep the Statue Fund going and growing. It has been found that this method of collecting is best as annual dues furnish a steady stream to the Fund. Spasmodic contributions, good as they may be under certain circumstances, do not by any means, guarantee an early and successful culmination of our dream to set up a bronze memorial to that great, wonderful and patient teacher, Abbe De L'Epee, who inaugurated the system of education of the deaf under such extreme trying conditions nearly a couple of hundred years ago. This system of educating the deaf has endured to this day with but slight changes. It becomes our solemn duty to carry out the behest of the National Association of the Deaf to set up some tangible and enduring memorial to forever show our most heartfelt gratitude to that man who invented the sign language, for our enlightenment and enjoyment of life.

We have a large amount of membership blanks and volunteers are wanted everywhere, here and in Canada, to collect dues between as low

as a quarter and as high as five dollars per year. Please apply to the Treasurer for blanks.

THE DE L'EPEE MEMORIAL STATUE COMMITTEE.

The Linotype News for January furnishes a list of schools giving linotype instruction in the United State. Nearly all of the schools for the deaf are furnished with this very much needed equipment. There is also a short article in the News entitled: "Printing and Linotyping are popular at Ohio State School for the Deaf, and the same can be said of this trade in all the other schools for the deaf. Years ago when the linotype machine was about to be introduced, the deaf printer almost threw up his hands in despair. The machine would deprive him of his job. Now behold what a blessing it is to him. Instead of driving him out, he has mastered the intricacies of the machine and makes as good an operator as the best of them.

From this publication we learn that the Ohio School was the first to issue a school paper, way back in 1868. It had its first linotype in 1912 and now has "a battery of five machines." The News owes the Oklahoma School for the Deaf an apology for omitting it from the list referred to above.—The North Dakota Banner.

Miss Helen Keller has an interesting article on "School" in the *Youth's Companion*. Concerning this the *Youth's Companion* says:

"When you read Miss Helen Keller's article about School on another page, think how much you boys and girls who go to school have that has been denied to her. Is school a bore? Think how she would have rejoiced in the opportunities for play and wholesome work and friendly intercourse that school offers you, and that she had to forego. For Miss Keller has been blind and deaf since infancy. Yet she has learned to read, to write, to talk, and even to make addresses in public. Being a woman of unusual strength and sweetness of character, she has so far overcome all her handicaps as to graduate at Radcliffe college, to become successful as a writer and as a lecturer, and to serve on the Massachusetts Commission for the Blind. Here is an astonishing triumph of the human spirit over adversity.—The North Dakota Banner.

Archie Martin, deaf, is now employed by the American Tire Company, Pittsburg, Penn., as foreman in the repair department. He has seven men under him.—The California News.

In a recent article in one of the school papers. Dr. Olof Hanson ably defends the sign language as used by the deaf. He says that as a means of conveying thought on the lecture platform, the use of signs is unequalled. His opinion that the language of signs will always be the basis of communication between deaf persons is shared by all thinking deaf. He also said the educated deaf are not, as is generally supposed, against oral teaching of deaf children if it is clearly shown that they can best be educated by that method.

Dr. Hanson's opinions on educational matters are well worth pondering.—The California News.



THE DEAF WORLD

We are always glad to note the success that accompanies the attempt any of our members make to paddle their own canoe. Earl Shoptaugh, of Huntington, Ind., has started the "Independent Press" job printing shop in that city and requests us to announce that he would be glad to have some of the business of his fellow Frats and their divisions.—*The Frat*.

Three large ramp garages, with a combined capacity of more than 1,000 automobiles and to cost more than \$500,000, are to be erected in the business district of Nashville and be ready for operation by September 1, of this year, it is announced by Marr & Holman, architects. Contracts will be let as soon as plans now under way are completed, Mr. Holman said today.—*Nashville Banner*.

Mr. James D. McLaughlin, formerly superintendent of the South Dakota School for the Deaf died at his home in Los Angeles on December 1. Mr. McLaughlin came to South Dakota from Wisconsin thirty-five years ago to take up a claim. He became auditor of Codington County and was later appointed superintendent of the school for the deaf at Sioux Falls. He resigned the position five years ago and the family moved to California.—*The North Dakota Banner*.

Mrs. Pittinger, wife of Superintendent Pittinger of the Indiana School for the will conduct a party to Europe June 25 to August 27. The countries to be visited are: Scotland, England, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, France and Italy. The expenses of the trip for each member of the party will be about \$850. Superintendent Pittinger himself had charge of a party to Europe last summer and it appears that the wife has learned the tricks of the trade from him. There is hoping it will be a successfully conducted tour.—*The North Dakota Banner*.

The Catholic Deaf-Mute of New York laments the fact that the National Association of the Deaf is not pushing the De l'Epee project as it should. About six thousand dollars has already been collected and it is to be regretted the collection has not been pushed on with more vigor and finished and closed long ere this. However, we cannot be persuaded to believe that this seeming lack of interest is due to the fact that the good Abbe was a Catholic priest. Wasn't Columbus a Catholic? If he was how does one account for Columbus Day in America? Just now the world irrespec-

tive of religious beliefs is bowed with grief at the death of the primate Belgium, Cardinal Mercier. The world judges the Cardinal by his good deeds which were great sacrifices for his country and his faith. We believe the deaf appreciate the invaluable heritage the Abbe de l'Epee left them and the six thousand dollars they have given for a memorial to him show it. The slowness of the canvass is undoubtedly due to other causes. The writer collected for North Dakota and subsequently he passed around the subscription paper at the convention of Western Canada, held at Winnipeg which gave liberally. Not a single individual at either place asked what the religious beliefs of the man they were to honor with a memorial were.—*The North Dakota Banner*.

The Illinois school announces that a summer normal school will open at Jacksonville on June 28th next and continue until July 30th. The instructors are members of the staff of the Illinois school. This will be the fifth session under the direction of Col. O. C. Smith, head of that school.

A new feature this year will be a department for deaf teachers, under the direction of Mr. E. P. Cleary, himself deaf, and for many years a teacher in the Illinois school. This is the first time that direct provision for the deaf instructors has been made at any summer normal. However, a movement was set on foot at the Iowa Convention last summer to establish such a school, the first session, to open at Columbus, Ohio, shortly before the meeting of the Convention of Instructors of the Deaf in that city in 1927, thus enabling the teachers in attendance to take in the Convention before returning home.

Provision for the normal training of deaf teachers has been a long time in coming probably because the profession was waiting to see whether the rising tide of oralism would wipe out the manual departments of the state schools. This it has not done, and it is now conceded by the great majority of the educators of the deaf that a considerable number of the pupils in our schools can best be educated by the use of manual methods. The movement for the establishment of these schools is to be commended for the deaf teachers need the training as well as the others.—*Kentucky Standard*.

ERNEST CALVIN BEDARD

Word has been sent out by Mrs. C. O. Gartrell, 1615 Washington Street, Denver, Colorado, trying to locate Ernest Calvin

Bedard. Mr. Bedard is a deaf man forty years old, is about six feet tall, weighs about 160 pounds, and wears heavy, thick glasses.

His father is getting to be an old man now and has a great desire to see his son, whom he has not seen for several years.

If you know anything of Mr. Bedard's whereabouts kindly communicate with the Mrs. C. O. Gartrell mentioned above.—*Colorado Index*.

DEAF EMPLOYEES PRINT A BOOK FOR PRESIDENT COOLIDGE

Time, a publication of New York City, last week contained the following:

A volume, three inches thick bound in black seal and inscribed, "In Memoriam Calvin Coolidge Jr.," was completed last week by the deaf and dumb employees of Walter Hyams and Co. of Manhattan. It was ordered by President Coolidge soon after his younger son's death more than a years ago. The volume is filled with clippings about his son chronologically arranged and mounted so as to insure permanency.—*New Mexico Progress*.

FINAL SETTLEMENT MADE

On January 14th President Smielau, Secretary Smaltz, and Treasurer McGhee motored to Doylestown in Mr. Smaltz's car, and signed the deed of sale on the old Doylestown Home property. Thus ends the final chapter of the history of the old "Home at Doylestown." The consideration was \$25,000.00, and this sum has been paid over to the Trust company which holds the mortgage upon the new home at Torresdale. Mr. William Stuckert, of the Trustees, generously volunteered his services as attorney for the Society in negotiating both the sale and the actual conveyancing of the property.—*Mt. Airy World*.

A DEAF FOREMAN

The recent opening of the immense Sterlington Power and Electric plant near Monroe, La., in the presence of distinguished citizens from Arkansas, Louisiana and Mississippi, may be of particular interest to the deaf if they know that the foreman of the brick work was none other than our friend, Mr. G. G. Barham. The construction work lasted over a year and well did Mr. Barham direct the bricklaying that no tearing down whatever had to be accomplished and relaying done. Mr. Barham has made his speciality a close study and is known far and wide in his part of the State as a number one bricklayer, and his services are eagerly sought after by contractors when they have any-

special line of bricklaying to be done.—
St. Joseph of the Oaks.

POETRY BY THE DEAF

On our rear cover will be found a new department, "Poetry by the Deaf." On this page we will publish in each issue an example of the work of deaf poets, with the objects of demonstrating the high literary ability and the depth of true poetry as well as their delicate sense of rhythm that finds expression in the harmony of poetical metre rather than the musical scale. It is not claimed for this series that it represents the very best of poetry written by the Deaf, for who is competent to decide what is best? We do not set ourselves up as a literary court of last resort. Our aim is not to pose as a literary critic, but only to select and print such meritorious examples of the work of Deaf poets as shall be brought to our attention, and to this end we invite suggestions and contributions. —*The Virginia Guide.*

THE DEAF BOY'S BAND WILL GO TO THE NATIONAL CAPITAL

Managing Officer C. C. Smith proposes to send the Illinois School band to Washington, D. C., on the occasion of the national convention of the deaf in the capital city in August.

This is a big proposition, but Col. Smith feels that the pilgrimage will be of inestimable value to the members of the band, will redound to the benefit of the school, will give extreme pleasure to the deaf residents of Illinois and to their numerous friends and at the same time will be highly appreciated by the deaf the country over.

Sending the band to Washington is a big undertaking from the financial point of view, and, while the school has no funds available for the purpose, it is hoped that friends may come to the front with support for the undertaking.

The Managing Officer will be pleased to hear from those disposed to help underwrite the proposed pilgrimage.—*Illinois Advance.*

TELLS HIS SIDE

Without bitterness he spoke today of the incident, and of his dream. Deaf and dumb since childhood, Tilden, who is now 66, scribbles his thoughts on a scrap of paper.

"I do not understand the meaning of come-back," he wrote. "I was never down and out. There was no loss of artistic power.

"But the world had fallen below my standard.

"I naturally felt the subject strongly. My mother was a California pioneer, a member of the Donner party that braved the perils of winter in the Sierra Nevada mountains to reach the land of promise.

"Now I am going to follow an old urge, an old dream. Later, when my dream takes form, I shall tell it to the world."

That's his philosophy.

At one end of his simply furnished studio stands the model of "Pioneer Mother," the base now cracked and crumbling. An original poem dedicated to the sculptor by Edwin Markham hangs nearby. A photograph of Tilden and Jack London, taken ten days before the author's death, adorns an opposite wall.—*Columbus Dispatch.*

THE INDIAN SIGN LANGUAGE

Among the wild people of every land there exists a sort of universal code—a language of signs and gestures, which all to some degree comprehend. Col. Roosevelt learned this sign language during the period of his western adventures, and to the time of his death could communicate with Indians who knew not a word of the English language. General Hugh L. Scott, as a young lieutenant, learned the sign language of the Indians, and for more than forty years he has talked to them with his hands; and they of the deserts and forests reply in kind. One of the chiefs of Cheyennes gave him the name of Mole-Ve-Gu-Op meaning, "The Man who Talks-With-His-Hands." Probably in all the varied history of the relations of the United States with the Indians, few men have possessed such marvelous power and influence over them as does General Scott. He has been dealing with the Indians now for the past forty years, and has failed to carry his point in but two instances. Alone, or with one or two aids, Scott has faced scowling, treacherous, murderous-looking bands from dozens of the warlike tribes of the United States, and along the Mexican border, and has even exercised his hypnotic powers successfully upon the fierce Moros of the Philippines. General Scott is called one of the greatest Indian "conciliators" of his generation.—*California News.*

THE VALUE OF EDUCATION TO A DEAF PERSON

A few years ago a very bright boy of about ten years old was brought to school by his parents.

He took hold quickly, learned rapidly and the boy was forgotten.

His parents frequently called for him, each time keeping him out longer and finally kept him out entirely. They could not bear the separation.

The truant officer failed to do his duty and the boy was forgotten.

A few evenings ago a large, well built man appeared in the hall, the face showed at once that something was wrong. He remembered the Superintendent, shook hands and then stood grinning. He could tell his name and where he lived, but that was about all. Evidently he has been kept away from deaf people.

No effort to get anything out of him was rewarded. He simply stood and pointed. His English was lacking. He was an object of great pity.

His parents may be dead for he appeared to be alone. At any rate they loved him so much that they deprived him of an education and let him grow up to robust manhood in ignorance. Had he continued in school until graduation day he would doubtless have been a shining light. Instead he is an object of darkness.

Education is nowhere so effective as with a deaf child.—*Supt. J. W. Jones in Ohio Chronicle.*

AN APOLOGY

In the November issue of the SILENT WORKER the name of Grace Pearl was omitted as the author of an article titled "The Achievement of the Deaf-Blind." The omission was wholly unintended. Below is an account of an entertainment at the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf at Torresdale, Pa. There is mention of the same young lady, Miss Pearl. She seems to be a capable person.

HOME RESIDENTS ENTERTAINED

On Saturday, January 23rd, Mr. Henry Friemel journeyed out to the new Home and entertained the residents with an exhibition of various feats of skill, including juggling and parlor magic. His performance was expressly for the enjoyment of the residents, and was much appreciated by all present. Miss Grace Pearl, the young deaf-blind resident, assisted in the entertainment by giving a reading of a book which she had read recently in the Braille alphabet.

During a recent visit to the Home the writer heard so many expressions of appreciation for this performance that he cannot help hoping more of the deaf will volunteer to do something along the same line. This initial performance is primarily due to the thoughtfulness of Mr. George T. Sanders of the Trustees, who invited Mr. Friemel to give his exhibition. Mr. Sanders states that Mr. Harry E. Stevens will soon visit the Home for the purpose of giving a friendly talk illustrated with lantern slides.

It requires so little effort, and the appreciation of the residents is so truly genuine, that no one should hesitate to volunteer for similar service. Mr. Sanders would gladly cooperate with any one willing so to serve. It should be remembered that quite a few of the residents are practically shut-ins; and that, in any case, the new Home is quite far removed from any sources of entertainment such as moving picture theatres, etc. If you have news to relate, or a good story to tell, by all means engage to visit the Home and tell it. It will be appreciated.—*The P. S. A. D. News.*

HISTORY OF THE COBBS SCHOOL

The following address was delivered by Mrs. Fannie D. Chiles at the Unveiling of the Cobbs Tablet last November:

Ladies and Gentlemen:—It is with great pleasure that I have come all the way from Richmond to relate the history of the first school for the deaf in America, in memory of which this tablet was given a permanent place here on the walls of our beloved Alma Mater.

I would like to tell you all that I know about the school, but the chairman of ceremonies has just requested that I be as brief as possible, as the time is limited, so I shall have to give only an outline of the Cobbs' School."

More than a century ago, one hundred and thirteen years, to be exact, Colonel William Bolling secured a teacher for his two deaf-mute children, William and Mary, and opened a school in his home called "Cobbs" near Petersburg, Virginia.

The deaf-mute children of the neighborhood were also allowed to attend this school. About twenty-six years ago I saw some of the composition and copy books of the pupils of that school. From beginning to end these books showed progress and improvement which proves that it was an excellent school, and that John Braidwood was an excellent teacher.

After Braidwood's death there was no teacher of the deaf in America, but it would seem that the pupils were satisfactorily educated, or that good father, Colonel Bolling, would have endeavored to secure another teacher. About three years ago, while Mr. Bass was living in Richmond, he was told that he passed the site of the first school for the deaf in America on his way to work every day.

This interested him greatly, and he immediately began to plan for a suitable memorial, and it is primarily and chiefly through his energy and unceasing efforts that the "Tablet" is an accomplished fact, and about to be unveiled, that all who hereafter look upon it shall know that the first school for the education of the deaf was in Virginia.

May this Tablet be a lasting incentive to all, who attend this school in the future, to strive to attain such an education of mind and soul and character that all with whom they come in contact will say with pride and approval, "They were educated at The School for the Deaf in Virginia." And last, but not least, may God bless all who have been, and all who may come to this dear Virginia School.—*The Virginia Guide.*

"THE DEAF IN INDUSTRY"

In letters to the Editor the *Toledo News-Bee* recently printed one from a reader who sent the editorial which appeared not long ago in the *Chronicle* under the above heading with these comments: "It is hoped some Toledo manufacturing firms will take the trouble to read this article.

It is generally known there are cases where the deaf have been refused work by the Toledo concerns, especially since the enactment of that very beneficent workman's compensation law. The trouble is that some manufacturers have taken it into their heads that the deaf are more liable to injury than the hearing. Most continue to employ the deaf freely, and we have heard of cases where they are given preference.

All that the deaf ask in the industrial world is a fair field and this giving, in nine cases out of ten, they make good in competition with the hearing.

Perhaps there is no force in the United States that consists entirely of deaf linotype operators in one room as the one in the Rand-McNally Publishing Co. of Chicago. This company employs 10 deaf men to operate its 10 machines and they are doing high-class work to the satisfaction of the company and are commanding high salaries.

Intelligence, industry, interest, loyalty and application are the qualities which play the best part in an employee. It does not take a long time to instruct a deaf man or woman in what is to be done. In many cases, pointing the work out is sufficient and in almost any work a brief explanation is all that is necessary. This can be readily given in writing. Given a chance, the deaf make good in many different lines of occupation.—*The Ohio Chronicle.*

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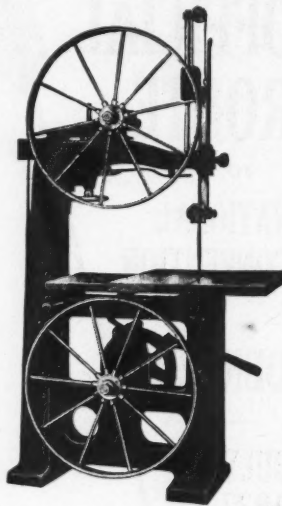
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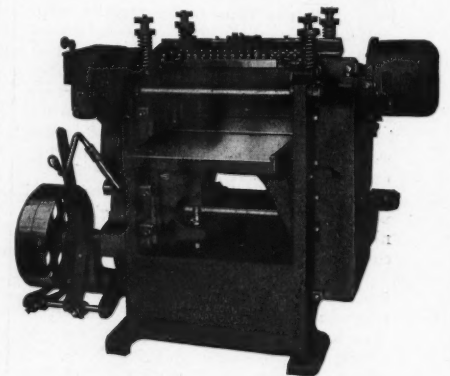
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The Truant

WHEN other youngsters were in school
He dreamed all day, did Bill
Beside the blue and shining pool
Above the ruined mill.
He loved to watch the birds and flowers;
With half closed wistful eyes,
He'd lie upon his back for hours
And gaze upon the skies.

He knew the trail the foxes made
Across the mossy glen;
He knew where, in the birch tree's shade,
The badger had his den.
He knew each clear and crystal brook
For many miles about,
Where one might drop a baited hook
And catch a gleaming trout.

No other boy in all the town
When came October knew
When autumn shook the chestnuts down,
Or where the black haws grew.
And in the new awakened spring,
Amid the forest dim,
The earliest robin used to sing
Its happy song to him.

Bill's hair is gray, his form is bent,
And *is* he with the lot
That fate has sent quite content?
No, reader, he is not!
Though still he wanders as in youth
Besides the stream and wood,
To tell the plain and candid truth,
Poor Bill is not much good!

JAMES J. MONTAGUE